
THE STORY
OF
ÆNEAS AND DIDO
BURLESQUED.

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THE STORY
OF
KENNEDY AND BIRD
A BIRD'S EYE VIEW

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THE
S T O R Y
O F
ÆNEAS AND DIDO
BURLESQUED.

FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE
ÆNEID OF VIRGIL.

R.

VIVE LA BAGATELLE.

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P R E F A C E.

A PREFACE to a work is just like the pert scraping of a pack of fiddlers before a concert; these, as my Lord BOLINBROKE observes, have more of wild fancy than true harmony; and Prefaces are generally written more to shew our wit than our manners; an Authour, however, might as well attempt to set a Book a going in the world without one, as my friend FRANK MOORE his vehicle without horses: A Preface then we'll have.

IF Poetry, as some advance, be a sin, surely those poor jades, the Muses,

vi P R E F A C E.

may be justly said to be doing penance, when they are condemned to stand forth in sheets, exposed to publick view and publick censure, perhaps, a frolick with the Nine has nothing so very bad in it could we but be discreet, and not, like vain gallants, kiss and tell. Between ourselves, I know no order of beings that stand more in need of wholesome laws and proper regulations, and who have hitherto been more neglected than the poets. This was a complaint made many years ago by an intelligent old fellow, whose head does not ache now; were I not too lazy to rise and reach him down, I would quote ye chapter and verse; I'll transmography the substance of it into English for ye, though, if you please:

'Tis strange no lawgivers prescribe
Some rules unto the scribbling tribe;

P R E F A C E. vii

A pedlar dares not, for his ears,
Unauthorised expose his wares,
And dram-retailers take a licence
To sell their gin and other—poisons ;
Or else their worships of the quorum
Would have the culprits up before 'em :
Whilst poetasters safe enough
May vend all kinds of wretched stuff :
Rob us of time and money too,
And none can say—why do ye so ?

So intimate as HORACE was with the Premier, at the court of Augustus, it is matter of astonishment to me that their wise noddles had not hit upon some method or other to redress the grievance, and not have left another, almost two thousand years afterwards, to make the like complaint.

LET no one tell me that our country is at present pretty clear of this incumbrance : Who can say how soon

viii P R E F A C E.

it may be our case? indeed, I do not think the evil at so great a distance; our watchful, long-sighted Politicians have, from some late occurrences, been under violent apprehensions that a scheme is in agitation to introduce the Excise Laws amongst us, and though we have hitherto nobly opposed the measure, shall we imagine they will stop here? Will not other engines be set to work? Now, Poetry is the Parent of the Excise, according to POPE, and planted it in our Mother country; at least, however, they are sworn brothers, and, like joy and sorrow, wherever one comes the other will soon follow: who knows but the next easterly wind may waft us over whole flocks of Poets and Supervisors; and thus the ministry effect by stratagem, what they could not compass by other means?

P R E F A C E. ix

WERE my advice to have any weight, I would recommend, That a Committee be appointed to watch over these matters, and prevent the landing of any Poets amongst us, with as much care, as we would any dutiable articles whatever. As for those that shall spring in our own soil, though it may not be in our power totally to suppress them, in a great measure it will; and the rest may be kept under by proper restraints and regulations. I am well aware there are some who entertain an opinion that Poets, like marriages, are made in heaven; and therefore, that they cannot be other than Poets; I say No. "Poeta nascitur non fit;" I say No: no more than a pastry-cook or an almanack-maker. In the name of wonder do you suppose that a Poet is born, like one of our Richards, with a head of hair

* P R E F A C E.

ready cut and curled; or that he springs, like Harlequin, from an egg, a Poet compleat at once: You would not send for a surgeon to let you blood who had never before breathed a vein; nor suffer a shoe-maker to take measure of your foot who had not served an apprenticeship to the trade; and shall we suppose there is less art and dexterity required in making verses than in making shoes? A genius in embryo is like fine marble in the block; with proper skill and pains, you may cut and hammer it out to any thing.

LET it then be the immediate care of our worthy committee to check the rising ardour wherever they shall discover it; and reprehend the least tendency to making verses in our youth, as strictly as the Spartans did

P R E F A C E. xi

a propensity to stealing in theirs. Let them farther set before them, the hardships, dangers, and difficulties, that are almost the inseparable attendants on the profession in which they are about to embark; and use all possible means to divert them from their purpose, as the priests of certain sects in the East do with the disconsolate widows, who apply to be burned with the bodies of their deceased husbands. Though I rather think, more eloquence will be required to work upon the first, than would be necessary to dissuade the ladies of our days from undergoing the operation of being roasted alive,

HOWEVER, as a last resource, and effectually to prevent an inundation of nonsense from the press, let there be some One chosen from amongst us,

xii P R E F A C E .

the most distinguished for his wisdom, and the most celebrated for learning ; whose knowledge is universal, and his taste the criterion of true and false ; skilled in all arts ; versed in all sciences ; whose judgment could not be misled, nor his fidelity corrupted : Now, it should be the duty of this President, or what you'll please to call him, strictly to examine every performance intended for the publick ; and his opinion singly, like the evidence of a CATO, be sufficient, and determine its fate. I see but one possible objection that can be made to this part of my plan, and that is, The difficulty of finding a person with all the endowments requisite for this office. People may urge, perhaps, that I instituted it with a sole view to my own advancement, and that they may be at a loss to find another, properly

P R E F A C E. xiii

qualified for my successour, when I shall be no more.

No piece should be suffered to pass into the world, but such to which he should be pleased to affix his IMPRIMATUR: And no Poet allowed to commit his rhymes to the press, without he could assign good and sufficient motives for the publication; some profit or instruction that may be gathered thence, some good end that may be answered:

“AND pray, Mr. President, what good end may you propose in presenting us with the piece we are about to read?” “To make you laugh, Ye Goose.” Laughing is as necessary to the mind of man as physick to his carcase, and they are somewhat similar in their operations, one keeps us in a

xiv P R E F A C E,

proper habit of body and the other in a proper frame of mind. If you cannot laugh at it though, you are not to suspect the piece wants wit, but that you want sense to find it : Remember the story of the fool and the fiddle. That is one reason : I have an hundred more, but you shall be content with one of them.

SCARRON, at the politeſt court of the politeſt æra that ever was in the world, and from whence, according to M. Voltaire *, all Europe learned what little they know of manners, could ſet the Grand Monarque, and all his Lord and Ladies, a laughing fit to burſt their ſides, by the introduction of his Dido and Æneas in

* L'Europe a dû ſa politèſſe à la cour de Louis XIV. SIECLE de LOUIS XIV. Tom 1.

P R E F A C E. xv

masquerade. Now, our COTTON avowedly proposed the French Poet for his model; but then his Hero and Heroine were a couple of sad folks, they kicked about so madly, and played such wild pranks that modest people were ashamed to be seen with them, and though they were exceedingly droll, they were exceedingly indelicate: It grieved me to think we could not preserve the ridiculous without the aid of obscenity.

I HAVE but one thing more to add, and then the curtain shall be drawn up: If the Ladies should find here and there a passage which they may think too severe upon the Fair Sex, I know no better apology I can make than one that I find ready prepared to my hand by one of the best writers at this Emporium of po-

xvi P R E F A C E

litenefs: " Il ne faut pas prendre les Poëtes a la lettre: Aujourd'hui c'est chez eux la fête du celibat; demain c'est la fête du mariage: Aujourd'hui l'homme (and woman also) est la plus sot de tous les animaux; demain c'est le seul animal capable de justice et en cela semblable a Dieu."

THE

SOUTH-CAROLINA, 1774.

THE
STORY
OF
ÆNEAS AND DIDO

BURLESQUED.

From VIRGIL'S ÆNEID, Book IV.

ÆNEAS finish'd here his ditty
Of old King Priam and his city;
The Tyrians, at a tale so deep,
And wond'rous moving, fell—asleep.
Not so the Queen ^a—with mouth wide op'd,
She swallow'd every word that drop'd;

^a At Regina, gravi jamdudum saucia cura,
Vulnus alit venis, & cæco carpitur igni—

Not the least circumstance escap'd her,
 And all he said she took for scripture.
 But Cupid, an unlucky dog !
 By Venus thither sent incog,
 Seeing her jaw-bones stand ajeer,
 And leave a gap from ear to ear,
 Sprung like a little Harlequin,
 And fairly leapt head foremost in ;
 Down to the nether regions stole,
 And sing'd her entrails to a coal.
 Æneas cries—" We'll now, my dear,
 March, with your leave, for Bed-ford-shire:
 These empty noggins seem to say,
 'Tis drawing towards that time of day—
 Let us do nothing rashly tho',
 Order one pot before we go
 To drink your Highness—Bon Repos"— }
 Vain wish ! ^b all night she restless tosses,
 Æneas ev'ry thought engrosses :
 She dwells upon his face, his worth,
 His strength, his valour, and so forth ;

^b Multa viri virtus animo, multusque recurſat.
 Gentis honos : hærent infixi pectore vultus,
 Verbaque : nec placidam membris dat cura quietem.
 Poſtera Phœbea luſtrabat lampade terras,
 Humentemque Aurora polo dimoverat umbram ;—

Now with a shower of tears she wets,
 And now for madness gnaws, the sheets ;
 Nor slept till day began to peep—
 Anchises' son had murder'd sleep.—

She rings, and bids a servant tell
 Her sister Anne she was not well.—
 This Anna was a useful creature,
 Famous for making choice eye-water ;
 At salves for corns, or scabby lips,
 Cordials for cholicks, or the gripes,
 At drawing teeth, or aught in common,
 Our nymph would turn her back on no man.
 Now fifty years and odd had swept
 Her gums of all her teeth, except
 A brace, which proud of notice, both
 Had thrust themselves beyond her mouth.
 Tho' the complexion of the fair
 Might be a little worse for wear,
 Time had done nothing else at all
 Than just robb'd Peter to pay Paul ;
 From off her cheeks he scrap'd the rose,
 But plaister'd it upon her nose.
 Dido, in things not difficult,
 This oracle would oft consult ;
 Who never ventur'd to decide
 The bus'ness, till she knew which side

The queen herself espous'd—Great wits
 Will jump—so her opinion hits,
 Whate'er th' affair in question be,
 It's just decision to a T.
 Her council's still approv'd, and hence
 She thought herself of consequence.
 But, shame upon the men! with these,
 And many more good properties,
 Too tedious to enumerate;
 The lady was a virgin yet—
 But do not here, good people, mis-
 Construe my sense, my meaning is—
 A virgin—i. e.—never wed—
 Mind I don't vouch her for a maid:
 For, entre nous, a strange report
 Was nois'd about the Tyrian court,
 How Anna and the taylor's 'prentice
 Were caught one night beneath the penthouse;
 This wicked spark had made her wiser
 Than maids should be—or fame belies her:
 But since the age of forty-five
 She'd liv'd as chaste as maid could live;
 With solemn phyzz, and pious airs,
 Attended morn' and ev'ning prayers;
 And was, on every occasion,
 Vast careful of her reputation;

Nay the good creature had been more
 Tender on't since, than heretofore :
 Thus you've seen people more exact
 In handling china that's been crack'd :
 She seem'd to startle if a man
 Approach'd within——'st—Enter Anne—
 " O Anna c, thus began the queen,
 What a strange vision have I seen !
 Depend upon't, it is an omen,
 Something will happen more than common.
 Pray d who's this genius bound for Italy,
 That's put in here ? I like him mightily—
 Well ! in all my born days I never
 Beheld a man so smug and clever :
 Ha ! Anne—you never saw, by golders !
 Such a broad back and pair of shoulders
 Anchises' c son ? Aye so I say—
 And they that will believe it may.
 If that old codger was his dad,
 I'll give my mother for a maid :

- * Anna soror, quæ me suspensam insomnia terrent !
- * Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes ?
- Quem sese ore ferens ! quam forti pectore et armis ;
- * Credo equidem, nec vana fides, genus esse deorum :
- Degeneres animos timor arguit. Heu, quibus ille
- Jaetatus fas ! qua bella exhausta canebat ?

So tall, so strait, so smart!—in short I'll
 Be sworn he's something more than mortal—
 What a brave fellow too!—'tis no hard
 Matter at all to know a coward;
 His fears betray the dastard—let
 A f— you'll put him in a sweat,
 It made my very blood run cold
 To hear the fate of Troy-town told:
 Whilst he again in fancy chops
 The Grecians down as thick as hops;
 And with as much compofure tells
 Of cutting throats as paring nails;
 Knocking out brains as op'ning oysters,
 And stabbing as applying glysters;
 Treats as child's play, flames, racks, and gibbets,
 And makes no more of wounds than flea-bites.
 Had f I not, like a silly toad,
 Sworn by what e'er was great and good,
 Since I the first time had such bad luck,
 Never to venture more in wedlock;
 Rather s than I'd have eaten fire,
 I would have pig'd in with this squire:

f Si mihi non animo fixum immotumque sedcret,
 Ne cui me vinco vellem sociare jugali—
 Si non pertæsum thalami tædæque fuisset,
 Huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpæ.

I h must indeed confess the youth
 Has brought the water in my mouth;
 I feel myself I don't know how—
 As't us'd to be some years ago.
 But i this is neither here nor there,
 For, if I do not persevere,
 May I be kiss'd till out of breath,
 And hug'd and squeez'd almost to death—
 No—I have sworn, and if I break
 My vow, the devil break my neck."—
 "The k devil break mine if you don't"—
 With warmth, cries Anna—"out upon't,
 Refuse a husband! by our lady,
 Could I but get one, here I'm ready.
 Lard! it appears to me the oddest,
 That you should seem so wond'rous modest,
 Who have already had a proof
 Of joys we maids know nothing of—

i Anna, fatebor enim; miseri post fata Sichæi
 Conjugis, & sparfos fraterna cæde penates,
 Solus hic inflexit sensus, animumque labantem
 Impulit: agnosco veteris vestigia flammæ:

i Sed mihi vel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat,
 Vel pater omnipotens, &c.

k Anna refert: O luce magis dilecta forori,
 Solane perpetua mœrens carpere juvena?
 Nec dulces natos, Veneris nec præmia noris?

Tho' we may sometimes hear, you know,
 By market-folks how markets go.
 Will you love's soft delights forego
 Thro' idle whim?—the more fool you—
 Methinks I hear your little brats
 Scratching and yowling, just like cats;
 Or running to bring some complaint
 Of one another to their aunt.
 I'll make the wenches bibs and tuckers,
 And teach the boys to ride a cock-horse:
 And often as the little wretches
 Shall daub their petticoats, or breeches,
 There's flinkam flankam o'er my knee—
 Good l—d how pretty it will be!
 —Your¹ former spouse?—That's high enough;
 Your chastity! meer idle stuff;—
 Think ye would he regard what past?—
 He mind! he kifs where I sat last:
 If you'd a sweetheart would that fret him?—
 Or what suppose it did, why let him—
 Aye!—fret your guts to fiddle strings,
 Old buck, we shall not mind these things.
 Between ourselves, my dearest Dido,
 The vows that you, and ev'ry widow,

¹ Id cinerem aut manes credis curare sepultos?

'Make of eternal widowhood
 Are only to be understood
 Until another comes to woo—
 That's an eternity you know.
 Ad's flesh alive ! 'tis such a joke
 To hear 'em all the gods invoke,
 Off'ring 'em half of what they're worth,
 To send the Dear Man back to earth:
 When, should it only please the l—d
 To take the ladies at their word,
 They'd give the devil t'other half,
 To take him back and lodge him safe.
 I own ^m myself I did not half like
 Those unlick'd cubs your sparks of Africk:
 Rather than I'd ha' gone to bed
 With such, I'd live and die a maid:
 Nor did I very much admire
 The Dicks that you pick'd up at Tyre.
 But ⁿ now your passion's set agog,
 The tail's upon another hog—

^m *Esto : agram nolli quondam flexere mariti :*

Non Libyæ, non ante Tyro——

^a *——placitone etiam pugnabis amore ?*

Besides • consider, with a pox,
 Among what scrubby kind of folks
 We're gotten—brutes who'd steal indeed
 The very teeth out o' one's head:
 Last week dame Hodge lost twenty eggs;
 And goody Twank two barrow-pigs,
 A flannel under-petticoat,
 And a good pewter chamber-pot:
 But t'other day I lost myself,
 Some issue-plaisters off the shelf;
 And tho' each night a candle's burning,
 My brandy-bottle's out by morning:
 If 'tis not these, who can it be?
 For mighty little does for me.
 Remember p too the vile rapscallion,
 That niggardly old rogue Pygmalion,
 Who'd eat us, or it a'n't his fault,
 Without a single grain of salt.
 I'm • not a conj'rer, I confess,
 But am a main threwd hand to guess:

• Nec venit in mentem, quorum confederis arvis?

Hinc Gætulæ urbes——lateque furentes

Barcæ:

• ——— Quid bella Tyro surgentia dicam,

Germanique minas?

• Dts equidem auspiciis reor & Junone secunda

Now, please your grace, I'll tell ye what
 I do begin to smell a rat;
 I never can suppose these gentle-
 Folks' coming here was accidental—
 No—burn my old wig, if I don't
 Think Juno's at the bottom on't:
 She knew the Tyrians' plucks, and so
 Sends captain Bobadil and Co.
 To do the fighting part—O ' rare!
 Now, Messieurs Swarthy-chops, stand clear—
 Have at your numskulls—may I perish
 But we shall see our Carthage flourish!
 These swagg'ring blades will fight our battles,
 Defend our houses, goods, and chattels;
 Will keep the neighb'ring scoundrels under,
 And we shall live like sons of thunder.
 Our girls will all get husbands then,
 And some amongst their smartest men
 Will come to woo the princess royal—
 And then I'll bounce out a denial,
 And look as prim and coy as you—
 No—I'm a Dutchman if I do—

*Quam tu urbem, soror, hanc cernes! quæ surgens repas
 Conjugio tali! Teucrum comitantibus armis
 Punica se quantis attollet gloria rebus!*

I'd give my maiden-head to know
 If fortune has ordain'd it so,
 Suppose we were—Gadso that's right—
 Aye—'tis this very blessed night—
 At twelve o'clock we'll go to church,
 And sit together in the porch;
 We've nothing else to do but watch
 To find out who and who shall match:
 For all our towns-folk, who next year
 Shall die or marry, pass by there:
 They march in pairs that are to wed,
 And they who die without their head,
 If ^f you have only sense enough
 To frame excuses to put off.
 His trip a while,—I'll have him, madam,
 As safe as tho' the devil had him.
 Stuff him mean time and all his friends,
 Saving your presence, at both ends:
 Trust me from such good commons none will
 Find i' their hearts to budge o' one while,
 And when it blows, and snows, and freezes,
 Let him be jogging—if he pleases."

† Tu modo posce deos veniam, sacrisque litatis
 Indulge hospitio, causasque inuesti morandi:
 Dum pelago defavit hiems, & aquosus Orion.

This ^t speech, like oil upon the fire;
 Made Dido's passion blaze the higher;
 Discretion found the place too hot,
 And Modesty was soon burnt out;
 Whilst, like a salamander, Hope
 Thrives in the flame, and stirs it up.

The ^v church at night was not forgot,
 Away the conj'ring couple trot;
 Altho' of many a day before
 They'd neither of 'em seen the door:
 Dido ^x, who lov'd to booze and guttle,
 Had brought some porter in a bottle;
 Some cold calf's head, and bones of beef,
 Wrapt in a checker'd handkerchief;
 And ^y thus they ate, and drank, and fate,
 Expecting the resolves of fate—
 Ye ^z pack o' noodles! here's a putter
 To peep and pry into the future—

• His dictis incensum animum inflammavit amor,
 Spemque dedit dubiæ menti, solvitque pudorem.
 • Principio delubra adeunt, pacemque per aras
 Exquirunt.

^x Ipsa tenens dextra pateram pulcherrima Dido:

^y Ante ora decum pingues spatatur ad aras.—

^z Heu vatem ignoræ mentes! quid vota furentem.

Quid delubra juvant!

When you can't even see, g—d knows,
What's but an inch before your nose.

Whoever ^a at ———— has been
Must, if he's any eyes, have seen
An old tea-kettle, mop, or wig,
A drowned kitten, or dead pig,
Fasten'd by some loose idle rogue
To the posteriors of a dog:
Away th' affrighten'd creature scuds,
Yelping along thro' shouting crowds;
But nought avails, the panting wretch
Still finds the burden at his breech.

Were I to die I could not pick
Another simile so like;
Just so, for all the world, the queen
To dance and prance about was seen;
Thro' thick and thin like mad would scowr,
And ramble town and country o'er:
Love, sir, had got her by the tail,
And worried her both tooth and nail.

✱ *Uritur infelix Dido, totaque vagatur
Urbe furens: qualis coniecta cerva sagitta,
Quam procul incautum nemora inter Cressia fixit
Pastor agens telis, liquitque volatile ferrum
Nescius: illa fuga silvas saltusque peragrat
Dictæque; hæret lateri lethælis arundo.*

Now b round the parish with her spark
 She'd wander, cheek by jowl, till dark;
 Or lead him such a pretty jig,
 He following like 'Tant'ny pig,
 About her fine new house, to shew
 What she had done, and what would do—
 Here in this chamber I shall lye,
 You in that other room close by;
 Here 'll hang a bag to hold foul linen,
 And there a chest to lay the clean in;
 That's for the parlour, this the kitchen,
 That hole to stow odd ends and such in;
 Here 'll be a shelf for pots and kettles,
 And there a pantry for the victuals;
 Yonder a place that's best unseen,
 Where female synods oft convene;
 And you may undisturb'd peruse,
 And then to pieces tear, the news—
 Now foot to foot she'd with her lover
 Sit down, and get ye half seas over;
 And c when her highness scarcely cou'd
 Speak so as to be understood,

- Nunc media Æneam secum per moenia ducit;
- Sidoniasque ostentat opes, urbemque paratam.
- Incipit effari, mediaque in voce resistit;
- Nunc eadem, labente die, convivia quærit;
- Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores
- Expescit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.

She'd belch, and beg him to discourse
 Again about the wooden horse;
 And poor Æneas must—*de novo*,
 Relate the fate of Troy *ab ovo*:
 That finished, he must do't the second
 Time o'er, till all the house were sick on't.

Carthage^d meantime went slowly on,
 Little or nothing now was done;
 The mice, whene'er the cat's away,
 The proverb tells us, get to play:
 So Dido not being there to snub 'em,
 To storm and bully, kick and drub 'em,
 The dogs such slug-a-beds were grown,
 They seldom came to work till noon:
 The strife was then who most could shirk,
 And all had rather eat than work:
 Some danc'd, some sung till they were hoarse,
 Some would do nothing, others worse;
 A pack of loobies here you saw
 Down on their marrow-bones at taw;
 Turn but your eyes on that side, there's
 Another troop at Nose in —;
 Some got to jumping a cat-gallows,
 Some went to sleep, and some to th' alehouse.

^d Non cœptæ adsurgunt turrets, non arma juvenis
 Exercet, portusve aut propugnacula bello
 Tutæ parant: pendent opera interrupta—

When e she that rules who rules the heav'n^{ns}
 Saw things at fixes and at sevens,
 She bids her page, an aukward slouch,
 To harness out her booby-hutch;
 In this she drove a pair of peacocks,
 To save th' expence of oats and haycocks:
 (We need not be surpriz'd to find
 Immortals go so nigh the wind;
 'Tis policy in them, I think,
 Who've got so long to eat and drink:
 They should look woundy sharp, because
 Their purse may fail before their jaws.)
 Away she frisks it—Jehu-like—
 And got to Venus' lodgings quick—
 "You^f nasty, lousy, black-guard pufs!
 Ar n't you asham'd to go on thus?
 There's you, ye brimstone, and your stupid,
 Half-gotten, purblind bastard, Cupid,
 Have trounc'd, between you, one poor woman;
 A mighty knack indeed!—but come on,
 I'll singly do't, by all I hold dear,
 Before I'm half a minute older—

* Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri

Cara Jovis conjux:—

^f Egregiam vero laudem & spolia ampla refertis

Tuque puerque tuus: magnum & memorabile nomen;

Una dolo diuū si femina victa duorum est,

It s don't require a witch or wizard
 To find what sticks in your old gizzard;
 Your fears about those Phrygian cubs
 Have given you the mulligrubs—
 But h tell me whither all this tends?—
 Come i, gi's your daddle—and be friends.—
 Now what if, to compose all strife,
 I give my Dido for a wife
 To your Æneas?—if you like it;
 Say 'tis a bargain, and we'll strike it."
 The k other, laughing in her sleeve,
 Perceiv'd her drift, but made believe
 As tho' she thought the dame had done her
 A most prodigious deal of honour—
 "They must," quoth she, "be blockheads, who
 Would go to fifty-cuffs with you;
 I'd ten times rather any day
 Go twenty miles another way;

* Nec me adeo fallit, veritam te mœnia nostra

suspectas habuisse domos Carthaginis altæ.

† Sed quis erit modus? aut quo nunc certamine tanto?

‡ Quin potius pacem æternam pactosque hymenæos
 Exercemus?

————— liceat Phrygio servire marito,

Dotalesque tuæ Tyrios permittere dextræ.

* Olli, sensit enim simulata mente locutam,——

Sic contra est ingressa Venus: Quis talia demens

Abnuat, aut tecum malit contendere bello?

I verily believe Old Scratch
 Himself would hardly be your match:
 But ¹ can we bring about the plan?
 For g—d knows whether your good man
 Will like the Trojan folks should couple,
 And mingle with your Tyrian people—
 Tho' ^m, if he's fromple, may be you
 Know how to make him buckle to."—
 "Who ⁿ he? my dear, let me alone—
 He dare not say his soul's his own—
 My stars! should he pretend to preach,
 I'll make him scratch where 't does not itch.—
 But harkee what a scheme I've laid,
 I think it cannot fail, egad!
 To-morrow morning, you must know,
 Your son and Dido are to go,

¹ Si modo, quod memoras, factum fortuna sequatur?
 Sed fatis incerta feror, si Juppiter unam
 Esse velit Tyriis urbem, Trojaque prefectis;
 Misceve probet populos, aut fœdera jungi.
 ■ Tu conjux; tibi fas animum tentare precando.
 ■ ————— Tum sic excepit regia Juno:
 Mecum erit iste labor: nunc, qua ratione, quod instat
 Confieri possit, paucis, adverte, docebo.
 Venatum Aeneas, unaque miserrima Dido
 In nemo ire parant, ———

And with 'em all the world and's wife,
 Upon a hunting match—now, ° if
 I am alive, I'll fouse upon 'em
 Such dismal showers, I'll almost drown 'em,
 Hail, wind, and rain, and blust'ring weather,
 As heav'n and earth would come together :
 Now when they're scampering helter-skelter.
 And running here and there for shelter,
 Our Dido, and Æneas with her,
 Shall to a hovel fly together :
 Then, if he has a heart in's belly,
 We shall have glorious fun, I tell ye—
 By all that's good I'd swear for Dido,
 What say'st, old wench?—I'll back the widow.”
 Quoth Venus, “Nay, I like, you know,
 Such sport as well as you can do;
 And for Æneas, he'll be found
 A chip of th' old block, I'll be bound,”—
 This said, away dame Juno skips—
 “Your servant ma'am”—“Your goddessship's.”—

• His ego nigrantem commixta grandine nimbū,
 Dum trepidant alæ, saltusque indagine cingunt,
 Desuper infundam, & tonitru cælum omne ciebo,
 Diffugient comites, & nocte tegentur opaca :
 Speluncam Dido dux & Trojanus eandem
 Devenient : adero, &, tua si mihi certa voluntas,
 Connubio jungam stabili, propriamque dicabo,
 Hic Hymenæus erit, ———

Next P morn a troop of lads and lasses,
 Mounted on horses, mules, and asses,
 With saddles some, and some without,
 And twice as many more on foot,
 Assembled at the palace gate,
 The ling'ring queen impatient wait.
 The graver sort began to chide her,
 The young to wish they lay beside her;
 Some talk of news, and politicks,
 Some play a thousand roguish tricks;
 Some sing, some fight, some dance, some cry,
 And others laugh, they know not why:
 At length the queen could not endure 'em,
 And sent a lacquey to assure 'em
 The greater stew and noise they made,
 The longer would she lye a-bed.
 But 9 out she comes however, dress'd,
 You may suppose, in all her best;
 Smug as a damsel of fifteen—
 Huzza, my boys, g—d save the queen.

† Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit.
 Reginam thalamo cunctantem ad limina primi
 Pœnorum exspectant:
 † Tandem progreditur, ———
 Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo.

Æneas^r too was dizen'd out,
 As fine as fi'pence, in a suit
 Of his poor cousin Hector's cloaths—
 Alas ! had there but been no moths !
 Have^f you, good people, never found on
 Sundays if you have enter'd London ;
 That ten miles round it all the roads
 Are almost lin'd with gawdy crowds
 Of taylors, barbers, lawyers' clerks,
 And other second-handed sparks ;
 Who quit to-day their desks and shops
 To act the parts of rakes and fops :
 His cloaths are pompadour, and pin'd,
 To keep the lappets clean, behind ;
 How shine with fresh japan his shoes !
 How white appear his silken hose !
 With gilded cane, or hazel switch,
 He goads his founder'd tit, on which
 He sits like Pero 'cross the witch :
 By's side a nymph, of aukward mien,
 In fustian habit, or nankeen,
 Which fits th' uneasy damsel too
 Just as a saddle does a sow,

* ——— Ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnes
 Infert se socium Æneas, atque agmina jungit.
 † Qualis, ubi hibernam Lyxiam, &c.

Rides titt'ring, noisy, pert, and gay,
 Hir'd like his Jennet for the day :
 As † fine and trim, as stiff and starch,
 Æneas and his doxy march ;
 But † had not gone above as far
 As from Tower-hill to Temple-bar,
 Before the heavens on a sudden
 Became as black as a hog's pudden ;
 It was so dark, without a story,
 You could not see your hand before you ;
 Such floods of rain, such flakes of snow,
 No soul but got wet thro' and thro' :
 Away they scamper'd o'er the plains,
 Legs were worth ten times more than brains.
 Trojans and Tyrians, men and women,
 Where'er they found a hole to cram in,
 Without distinction pig together ;
 The happiest they who first got thither ;
 Nor car'd what might the queen befall—
 Each for themselves, and g—d for's all :

* —————haud illo seignior ibat

Æneas.——

† Interea magno misceri murmure cœlum

Incipit : insequitur commixta grandine nimbus :

Et Tyrii comites passim. & Trojana juvenus,

Dardaniusque nepos Veneris, diversa per agros

Tecta metu petiere.——

She, with her gown-tail o'er her head;
 And coats above her garters, fled:
 The Trojan hero, much politer,
 Refus'd in this distress to quit her;
 Link'd arm in arm, he dragg'd her on,
 And hawl'd her up when she was down:
 And thus thro' thick and thin they scud,
 Up to the very ——— in mud,
 Till * they at length the hovel gain'd;
 As had been wisely pre-ordain'd
 By the best half of goodman Jove,
 And we have just now sung above;
 O Lud! O Lud! I wish they'd stuck
 Up to their middles in the muck,
 Until this present writing, ere
 She ventur'd with Æneas there.
 But, gentle-folks, don't think my muse
 Was educated in the stews;
 Or that to make you sport, we mean
 To picture you the hovel-scene;
 No—she's too delicate and chaste,
 But, if you're cunning, guess what pass'd.

* Speluncam, Dido dux & Trojanus, eandem
 Deveniunt. ———

We y only say, there were some people
 Took shelter near, who would not scruple
 To take their bible-oath the ground
 Shook under them a mile around:
 And z some mad girls who, on the watch,
 Had sily crept upon the thatch,
 Peep'd thro' the fractures of the straw,
 And cried out shame at what they saw.
 The a poor sultana, from this time,
 Became as impudent a brim
 As is in mother ——'s train;
 Or e'er a nymph of Drury-lane;
 Were all her neighbours by, sometime
 She'd squeeze, and burs, and huggle him,
 Call him my dear, and love, and life,
 As if they had been man and wife.

Now Fame—here am I in a very
 Perplexing, comical quandary—
 Here is, if I'd a mind to try,
 The finest opportunity

y —— Prima & Tellus & pronuba Juno

Dant signum : ——

z —— Summoque ulularunt vertice Nymphæ.

a —— Neque enim specie famave movetur,

Nec jam furtivum Dido meditatur amorem;

Conjugium vocat : hoc prætexit nomine culpam.

I e'er could have, without exception,
 To shew my talent at description:
 Fame is a noble theme—but then
 Some others of my countrymen
 Have shewn their wit upon't already—
 Ne'er mind—Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.—
 Thro' Fame if others rose to Fame
 Why may not I expect the same?
 As Sancho says, I have as many
 Bodies and souls as they, or any:
 And just as good a right to hope—
 Being a man I may be Pope.—
 Who largely ventures largely wins,
 Out of my way then—here begins—
 Fame's ^b an idle tattling minx,
 Talks a deal but never thinks;
 Light ^c of tongue, and light of heel,
 Slim, and nimble as an eel;
 Slow ^d at first, like founder'd steed,
 As she goes she gathers speed:
 That she may all things discern,
 She's eyes before, and in her stern;

^b Exemplo Libyæ magnas it Fama per urbes!

^c Famæ, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum;

^d Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.

Contriv'd like prisms, to a sponce,
 To look an hundred ways at once;
 As ^c many eyes, so many tongues,
 So many ears, so many lungs;
 All she laves upon is news,
 Which, like manna by the Jews,
 Fresh and fresh each day she takes,
 Or where she finds it not, she makes;
 True ^f or false 'tis all a case
 To Signiora Prate-a-pace.
 Dearly does she love to drop
 Into a country barber's shop,
 Where the gaping bumkins use
 Weekly to change their beards for news;
 Here she takes the trimmer's shape,
 Linen-apron, fuds, and strap,
 And whilst their faces she besmears,
 With various tales she fills their ears;
 Of cows that spoke, of hens that crow,
 Of apples that at Christmas blow;
 Of mastiffs hatching turkey eggs,
 And lambs with half a dozen legs;

• Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
 Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures,
 † Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuncia veri;

Of armies fighting in the air, smiling still to wit,
 Portentive of approaching war;
 Then drops some spiteful innuendoes,
 And sighs a prayer that heav'n would mend us;
 Points out many a nymph whose waist
 Seems surprisngly increas'd,
 Whilst the wary damsel tries,
 By lacing tight, to hide her size:
 Next laments the pious vicar
 Loves too well his worship's liquor;
 Whilst the 'squire, as people tell,
 Likes the parson's wife as well.

Fame's like—she's like—muse tell me quick
 Something or other that she's like?—
 She's like a little stream that gushes
 Secretly midst whisp'ring rushes;
 First along its native filth
 Winding as it were by stealth;
 Then emerging into day,
 Where it finds the readiest way,
 On it gently babling flows,
 Still increasing as it goes:
 Not a gutter, not a kennel
 But adds somewhat to the channel;

Ev'ry ditch, o'ercharg'd with mud,
 Sends a tribute to the flood;
 Louder now the torrent roars,
 Swollen by the common sewers,
 Which, like the streams of Arethuse,
 A subterranean passage chuse,
 Bringing from each door they pass
 Ev'ry kind of nastiness:
 Now it rages beyond bounds,
 Spurns its borders, and confounds
 Innocence and guilt together;
 Good and bad no matter whether:
 Sweeping with it, as it spreads,
 Heaps of melting maidenheads;
 Reputation's borne away,
 Conscious virtue falls a prey,
 Modesty is overta'en,
 And wary prudence flies in vain.

You'll s' guess, as we above describe her,
 She was a most egregious fibber,
 Yet sometimes—give the dev'l his due—
 She propagated what was true;
 But she so mixt and jumbled both,
 'Twas hard to know the lies from truth.

* Hæc tum multiplici populos sermone replebat
 Gaudens, & pariter facta atque infecta canebat,

Now ^h Fame had spread abroad a rumour
 About a certain fine new-comer,
 Arriv'd from Phrygia, who had got
 The length of madam Dido's foot;
 And that they liv'd in such a way,
 'Twas shame for modest folks to say.
 The ⁱ tale, by this means sent about,
 Came to Hiarbas piping hot:
 Hiarbas ^k was, as authors tell ye,
 A monst'rous fellow for his belly,
 And kept—or devil take the liars—
 An hundred rousing kitchen fires,
 As many cooks in constant pay,
 To boil and roast both night and day;
 And, were you at his house to call,
 You'd think yourself in Leaden-hall.
 The ^l fatal news was brought to him
 Unluckily at dinner-time;

¶ Venisse Ænean Trojano a sanguine cretum,
 Cui se pulchra viro dignetur jungere Dido:
 Nunc hyemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fovere,
 Regnorum immemores, turpique cupidine captos,
 ¶ Protinus ad regem cursus detorquet Iarbam;
 Incenditque animum dictis, atque aggerat iras.
 ¶ Templâ Jovi centum, ———
 Centum aras posuit; vigilemque, sacraverat ignem,
 Excubias divûm æternas, pecudumque cruore
 Pingue solum, ———
 ¶ ————rumore accensus amaro,

Down drops his knife, he starts, and draws
 His sleeve across his greasy jaws;
 Then mutter'd, with his paws erect,
 Or these, or words to this effect—
 “ O m Jupiter! why is the duce i' ye?
 To treat the monarch of Maurusia,
 Who's giv'n you many a can of grog,
 As some would scorn to use a dog!
 At farthest end of my dominions,
 'Fore George! you'd smell beef-stakes and onions,
 But if you find occasions under
 Your nose to serve me I should wonder.
 Ifⁿ crimes like these are disregarded,
 And worth like mine pass unrewarded,
 Go thunder—I shall, for my part,
 Mind it no more than if you——;
 An ° idle strolling vagabond,
 To whom we sold a spot of ground,

Dicitur ante aras, media inter numina divum,
 Multa Jovem manibus supplex orasse supinis:
 ■ Juppiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maurusia pictis
 Gens epulata toris Lenæum libat honorem,
 ■ Aspicias hæc? an te, genitor, cum fulmina torques,
 Nequicquam horremus? cæcique in nubibus ignes
 Terrificant animos, & inania murmura miscent?
 • Femina, quæ nostris errans in sinibus urbem
 Exiguam pretio posuit, cui litus arandum,

Whereon to build a shed or two,
 To hide herself and lousy crew,
 Rejects my suit — p — x take the strumpet,
 A man that all the girls would jump at !
 Meantime P a macaroni prig
 Comes with a monst'rous tail, as big,
 I think in conscience, as the pump,
 Banging against the scoundrel's rump ;
 With little hat, fierce cock d, and rough,
 Broad solitaire, and pond'rous muff,
 And so perfum'd—by all that's sacred,
 Enough to knock a body backward !
 This delicate, soft, scented wretch
 Creeps into favour with the b—— ;
 By shew and nonsense gains his point,
 And puts our noses out of joint—
 A fine return indeed ! and this it is
 To stuff your carcase box with niceties ;
 And boast of being your worship's bastard—
 Upon my life and soul 'tis vast hard."

Cuique loci leges dedimus, connubia nostra

Reppulit, ———

P Et nunc ille Paris, ———

Mæonia mentum mitra crinemque madentem

Subnixus, rapto potitur : nos munera templis

Quippe tuis ferimus, famamque fovemus inanem.

Thus ^a he prefer'd his humble suit,
 Jove lent a gracious ear unto't;
 Then turning, where in shameful plight,
 The wanton lovers struck his sight,
 He redden'd like a turkey-cock,
 Call'd Mercury up, and thus he spoke—
 “ Fly you to Carthage—do not stop,
 If you should tumble, to get up;
 And tell Æneas—he's a crazy
 Son of a w——, or wherefore stays he
 A wenching there ingloriously,
 When he has other fish to fry?
 His ^r mother promis'd on her part,
 —A woman's word i'n't worth a ——!
 When twice we sav'd him from the gallows,
 That he should get a race of fellows,
 Who would talk Latin with as much
 Ease as a German does High Dutch:
 I don't suppose there's one, between us,
 Knows his Syntaxis or Quæ genus
 Tho' I'll be bound there's not a man o'em
 Ign'rant of Propria fæmineum.

^a Talibus orantem dictis, arasque tenentem
 Audit omnipotens, &c.

^r Non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem
 Promisit, Graiumque ideo bis vindicat armis;
 Sed fore, qui gravidam, &c.

E

But if the Smell-smock whelp prefer
 His ease to Fame, and will not stir,
 Regardless of the blood of Teucer,
 Let him—I know who'll be the loser—
 But bid him not detain Iulus,
 Who, tho' his father's such a fool, is,
 Unless the fates deceive me mightily,
 In spite of his manœuvres, I tell ye,
 To be a famous man in Italy.
 That's ^t all—begone Mynheer Scape-gallows,
 And bid him trudge, or—take what follows.”
 He ^v said—but Mercury, ere he goes,
 Steps home to change his hobnail shoes;
 And quickly dons his Sunday pumps,
 In which he capers, skips, and jumps,
 In such surprising sort, Gallini,
 Compar'd to him, were but a ninny.
 That ^x done, he brandish'd in his hand
 A kind of talismanick wand,

^t Si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum,
 Nec super ipse sua molitur laude laborem;
 Ascanio ne pater Romanas invidet arces?

^v Naviget: hæc summa est: hic nostri nuncius esto.

^x Dixerat: Ille patris magni parere parabat
 Imperio; & primum pedibus talaria necit

Aurea; quæ sublimem alis, sive æquora supra,
 Seu terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.

^x Tum virgam capit: —

Given him by Apollo, whose sharp
 Snout he presented with a Jew's harp ;
 This same Apollo, writers tell us,
 Kept school upon the isle of Delos ;
 A cunning shaver !—he could tell
 How many times a waggon wheel
 Turn'd in a mile, and shew how many
 Eggs for a groat, at three a penny :
 His fame was spread both far and near,
 And all the little masters were
 Sent here to learn their cris-crofs-row,
 And jabber over \acute{o} , $\acute{\eta}$, $\tau\acute{o}$,—
 By this means having a main hand in
 Enlightning people's understanding,
 The vulgar into errours run,
 And took Apollo for the sun——
 Patience !—good gentle reader, patience !
 I see you're vext at my digressions ;
 But keep your temper—only look
 What pains the great lord Bacon took
 Developing the old mythology,
 And I shall want for no apology ;—
 Nay, you won't even think me bold in
 Saying the world is much beholden
 To my lord Ba—foh ! I'm mistaken,
 I mean to me and my lord Bacon,

Apollo was so much delighted
 With his Jew's harp, from morn to night he'd
 Still laugh and strum, and strum and laugh,
 So gave him in return this staff:
 A y staff which had such wond'rous pow'r,
 The like was never seen before:
 Stroke but their eyes with this,—he'd keep
 People for half an age asleep;
 And if he wanted to awake
 A man, this did it in a crack—
 Hit him but five or six good thumps,
 And in an instant up he jumps:
 'Twould make a husband and his spouse
 Of one opinion in a house;
 Or when the dame was in a pout,
 It presently would fetch her out;
 It made the veriest termagant
 Obedient, meek, and complaisant;
 And far exceeded all empyricks
 In curing ladies of hystericks:
 With such strange virtues 'twas endu'd,
 And yet it seem'd but common wood.
 Away z Cyllenius, thus equipt,
 I'th' twinkling of a gate-post skipt;

y Dat somnos adimitque, & lumina morte resignat.

z ——— Jamque volans apicem & latera ardua cernit

And far as you can see was gone
 Ere one could say—Jack Robinson.
 O'er lofty Atlas first he flies,
 That bears upon his rump the skies,
 Whose mazzard is so monst'rous big,
 That pine-trees serve him for a wig;
 Whilst, ^a filthy creature! from his nose
 A copious stream for ever flows,
 Which, falling on his beard, one sees
 Depending thence like icicles.
 What more he did, what more he saw,
 Where, and with what he stuff'd his maw,
 The length and perils of the way,
 I wave e'm, and shall only say,
 That, ^b all these difficulties past,
 At Carthage he arriv'd at last,
 Æneas, with his line and rule,
 As busy as my lord Mayor's fool;
 Or, if you're fond of similies, like an
 Old clocking hen with one poor chicken,

Atlantis duri, cœlum qui vertice fulcit—
 Piniferum caput—

* ————— Tum flumina mento
 Præcipitant senis, & glacie riget horrida barba,

^b Ut primum alatis tetigit magalia plantis,
 Ænean fundantem arces ac tecta novantem,
 Conspicit; ———

Was chopping up some willow-poles,
 To make a house for Dido's fowls,
 But ' friz'd, and greas'd, and powder'd tho',
 As if for Almack's, or Soho—
 With knuckle-rags worked by the widow,
 And buckled to a long Toledo.
 Mercury " approach'd, whilst t'other bows
 Until his toupee touch'd his toes;
 Then thus " *Comment vous portez vous ?*"
 That, you must know, is—How d' ye do?
 " A pretty building, by my heart,
 Supposing you'd your just desert
 What do you fancy that might be?"
 " Dear! you are all civility."
 " No troth! it could not, I conceive,
 Be less than to be—burnt alive—
 Open ' your lugs, I come from Jove,
 And bring his message from above:

* ——— atque illi stellatus iaspide fulva
 Ensis erat, Tyrioque ardebat murice lana
 Demissa ex humeris; divesque munera lido
 Fecerat, & tenui telas discreverat auro.
 † Continuo invadit: Tu nunc Carthaginis altæ
 Fundamenta locas, pulchramque uxorius urbem
 Extruis, heu, regni rerumque oblite tuarum?
 * Ipse deum tibi me claro demisit Olympo,
 Regnator, ———

Upon my conscience now I've brought it
 So lately I've almost forgot it;
 As near as I can recollect,
 'Tis to the following effect—
 " Mr. ^f Æneas, you're a lazy
 Son of a bitch, and drunk, or crazy;
 Or wherefore stay you, tell me why?
 When you have other fish to fry,
 Pinn'd to a woman's apron-strings,
 Regardless of all other things?
 If you, ye smell-smock wretch! prefer
 Your ease to fame, and will not stir,
 Yet call to mind the young Iulus,
 Who, tho' your worship's such a fool, is,
 Unless the fates deceive me mightily,
 To make a famous chap in Italy."
 Soon as he had his message spoke,
 Cyllenius vanish'd into smoke.

Ipse hæc ferre jubet celeres mandata per auras.
 † Quid struis? aut quæ spe Libycis teris otia terris?
 Si te nulla movet tantarum gloria rerum,
 Nec super ipse tua moliris laude laborem;
 Ascanium surgentem, & spes hæredis Iuli
 Respice; cui regnum Italix Romanæque tellus
 Debentur. * Tali Cyllenius ore locutus
 Mortales visus medio sermone relinquit,
 Et procul in tenuem ex oculis evanuit auram.

Æneas h was in such a fright
 His very hair stood bolt upright;
 He starts, and turns his eyeballs under
 His eyelids, like a duck in thunder;
 His mazzard on his shoulders totters,
 He gapes, and grunts, and stares, and stutters,
 But could not, like a senseless calf,
 Utter one word in his behalf,
 What ⁱ would he do! what would he give
 He only could escape and live—
 As for a single limb or two;
 O l—d! if he could get off so:
 But ^k here's the devil in the hedge,
 What arguments shall he alledge
 T'appease the queen? how break the matter
 To such a mad hot-headed creature?
 To reason with the sex were idle,
 Talk to 'em of the gods!—a fiddle!—
 Argue for everlasting, still
 A woman's reason is—her will.

^h At vero Æneas aspectu obmutuit amens;
 Arrestæque horrore comæ, & vox faucibus hæsit.
ⁱ Ardet abire fuga, dulcesque relinquere terras,—
 Heu! quid agat? —
^k — Quo nunc regnam ambire furentem
 Audeat assatu? quæ prima exordia sumat?

No force of eloquence avails
 Against the force of teeth and nails.
 What's to be done?—the devil knows—
 However go he must—that's poz.—
 He^l scratch'd his head, but nothing came
 Out on't—that's fit to eat, or name;
 Many fine speeches he resolv'd,
 And now on this, now that resolv'd.
 When^m thus at length the matter ended,
 Quoth he—least said is soonest mended,
 So I'll say nothing, (and indeed
 It was the best he could have said)
 But take French leave—so, ma'am, g—d b'w'ye
 to ye,
 And when I'm fairly off, why ***** * **
 Sing fairly, fairly, fairly shut o' ye.
 Having determin'd on his plan thus,
 He calls Sergestus, and Cloanthus,
 And Mnestheus—three, who, in my judgment,
 Seem'd chiefs of Falstaff's ragged regiment.

^l Atque animum nunc huc celerem, nunc dividit illuc,
 In partesque rapit varias, perque omnia versat.

^m Hæc alternanti potior sententia visa est :
 Mnesthea, Sergestumque vocat, fortemque Cloanthum :
 Classem aptent taciti, socios ad litora cogant ;
 Arma parent, & quæ sit rebus causa novandis,
 Dissimulent.

To these Æneas gives their cue
 Touching his vessels, and their crew;
 And bids them in their holds conceal
 All they could borrow, beg, or steal—
 “Take all you lay your hands upon;
 What’s hers is mine, what’s mine’s my own,
 But snug—if you let out, ye brutes,
 The secret, I’ll let out your guts.”

Theyⁿ were not tho’ so snug but that
 The queen began to smell a rat—
 For they who can a lover trick,
 Have but one more to cheat—Old Nick.
 When she perceiv’d what they were after,
 All her small stock of prudence left her,
 Raving^o like any Cousin Betty,
 She rambles up and down the city;
 Spreads consternation thro’ the streets,
 Kicking, and cuffing all she meets.
 The p culprit, who’d occasion’d all,
 At an old apple-woman’s stall,

ⁿ At regina dolos (quis fallere possit amantem?)

Præfensit, motusque excepit primâ futuros;

^o Sæviti inops animi, totamque incensa per urbem
 Bacchatur; qualis commotis excita sacris

Thyas. ———

^p Tandem his Ænean compellat vocibus ultro:

Cheapening ginger-bread and nuts,
 She finds at length, and thus salutes—
 “ And I did you, Mr. Impudence,
 Imagine you would steal from hence,
 Just like a thief broke out of goal,
 Or like a dog that's lost his tail ;
 To do't tho' you must be, my dear,
 Cunniger than I think you are :
 So, so,—you'd get, as beggars do,
 All that you can and then you go—
 Have we not, you ungrateful tyke !
 Have we not jump'd across a stick ?
 Plighted our vows to one another ?
 And liv'd as man and wife together ?
 Yet^r you prefer the boist'rous sea
 To lying along side o'me ;
 What fool but rather'd take a tofs on
 A feather-bed than on the ocean.
 Granting you had some fixt abode,
 And Troy stood yet where Troy once stood,

¶ Diffimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum
 Posse nefas ? tacitusque mea decedere terra ?
 Nec te noster amor, nec te data dextera quondam,
 ¶ Quin etiam hyberno moliris sidere classem,
 Et mediis properas aquilonibus ire per altum,
 Crudelis ! quid ? si non arva aliena domosque
 Ignotas peteres, & Troja antiqua maneret,
 Troja per undosum petoretur classibus æquor ?

Ev'n then there were no sort of reason
 To budge at this tempestuous season:
 None but a nincumpoop would venture
 His carcase on the sea in winter.
 But, 'prithee, why would'st fly from Dido?
 Can't you stay here and do as I do?
 You'd fare as nobly as a lord,
 And nought to pay for bed or board.
 I thought you had, without being tutor'd,
 Known on which side your bread was butter'd.
 If't ever we—if ever—here,
 The princess whisper'd in his ear—
 Do bless your heart and liver stay,
 And let's be happy whilst we may—
 Take t'other noggin at the alehouse,
 And sing Old Rose and burn the bellows.
 Before v the Trojans hither came,
 A thousand folks, that I could name,
 Would give their nose from off their faces
 T'have had a place in my good graces;
 Tho' now I've made 'em all, g—d knows,
 Perverse inexorable foes:

'Mene fugis? &c.

'Si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
 Dulce meum, &c.

v Te propter, Libycæ gentes, Nomadumque tyranni
 Odere, infensi Tyrii; te propter eundem, &c.

So my regard for you has hinder'd
 Reconciliations with my kindred ;
 They call me all to naught at Tyre,
 There all the fat is in the fire.
 I'd * freely give a golden guinea
 If I could have a pickaninny,
 By any means, before we part,
 Like thee in face, but not in heart—
 But you are such a fumbling tony,
 Were I to offer twice the money,
 It would not do—for there is this in't—
 I don't believe you're—man sufficient."

Like † truant boy that dreads the rod
 Æneas before Dido stood;
 With downcast looks he heard her out,
 And then, as if to clear his throat,
 He hem'd and haw'd—then turn'd his quid,
 Pull'd up his breeches, and reply'd :

" Never ‡ will I, old girl, disown
 The great civilities you've shown ;

* Saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
 Ante fugam soboles ; si quis mihi parvulus aula
 Luderet Æneas, qui te tantum ore referret.
 † — Ille Jovis monitis immota tenebat
 Lumina, & obnixus curam sub corde premebat.
 Tandem pauca refert. —

‡ — Ego te, quæ plurima fando
 Enumerare vales, nunquam, regina, negabo

And to repay them is the fervent
 Wish of your most obedient servant;
 The devil take me if I do
 Forget you whilst I walk on two:
 Nor e'er will meet a Tyrian but
 I'll take him home and stuff his gut:
 I^a wish, however, you had stuck
 Closer to truth in what you've spoke;
 To do you justice, you are grown
 The best historian in the town;—
 Zooks!—you're a greater liar than
 King Priam was a gentleman:
 If you had been at Troy with us,
 They'd not ha' let ye gone on thus;
 But naked to the skin have strip'd ye,
 And for an hour or two have whip'd ye,
 In spite of all your airs and fine tales,
 With a most glorious Cat o' nine nails,
 I steal away? I never dreamt
 Of making such a mean attempt;
 Nor did I ever in my life
 Propose to take you for a wife;

Promeritam; nec me meminisse pigebit Elise
 Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos reget artus.

^a ——— Nec ego hanc abscondere furto
 Speravi, ne finge, fugam; nec conjugis unquam
 Prætendi tædas aut hæc in fœdera veni.

I hope I have more wit than so—
 —A burnt child dreads the fire, you know,
 You can't with any face deny,
 You was as forward, ma'am, as I;
 That rainy day you know too well
 Who—but I will not kiss and tell —

“ But, ^b Goody Two-shoes, should it please
 The l—d to let me spend my days
 Wherever my own fancy led me,
 I hardly think that you'd persuade me
 To pass 'em here—I'll tell ye what—
 I know a trick worth two of that,
 My service to your night-cap—no—
 I'll tell ye how I'd manage tho'—
 We'd straight be packing up our awls,
 Away for Troy, and build her walls;
 Make houses, hovels, churches, church-yards,
 Plant gardens, vineyards, groves and orchards;
 In all its glory you should see
 Old Troy again—then who but we?

^b Me si fata meis paterentur ducere vitam
 Auspiciis, & sponte mea componere curas,
 Urbem Trojanam primum dulcesque meorum
 Reliquias colerem; Priami tecta alta manerent;
 Et recidiva manu posuisset Pergama victis.

But c Phœbus otherwise decrees,¹
 And warns us from the premises;—
 The oracle at fam'd Patara
 Has sent us too a Certiorari;
 Commanding us to march for Rome,—
 Would we were all there safe at home!

“ If d Dido and her Carthaginians
 Can like these poor forlorn dominions,
 A meer sand bank! that won't afford,
 For each that merits one, a cord;
 If huts so meanly put together,
 As scarce to keep out wind and weather,
 Which when I view, methinks I am in
 The cave of Signiora Famine;
 If these can please, we may presume,
 However homely, Home is home.—
 Then why should you suppose it strange,
 That we poor Trojans wish to change
 A country, that is irksome grown,
 For habitations of our own?

• Sed nunc Italiam magnam Grynæus Apollo,
 Italiam Lyciæ jussere capessere fortes.

• ——— Si te Carthaginis arces
 Phœniissam, Libycæque aspectus detinet urbis,
 Quæ tandem, Ausonia Teucros considerare terra
 Invidia est? & nos fas extera quærere regna.

Where we may have both boil'd, and roast,
 Nor live at other people's cost ?
 Besides * the ghost of old Anchises
 Before my eyes at midnight rises ;
 He raves, and gives me such a trimming
 I've often set the bed a swimming.
 Think, † how Ascanius spends his time !
 How can I answer this to him ?
 He's grown a strapping youth, and shou'd
 Be taught to earn his livelihood ;
 Whereas from morn to night the lad's
 Playing and toying with your maids ;
 He knows much less, with grief I speak it,
 About a buckler than a smicket ;
 Instead of throats, the jackanapes
 Is cutting patterns for their caps ;
 And likes such pastime more by half
 Than cudgelling, or quarter-staff—
 Nay ‡ more the messenger of Jove
 I saw come trotting from above,

* Me patris Anchisæ, quoties humentibus umbris
 Nox operit terras, quoties astra ignea surgunt,
 Admonet in somnis, & turbida terret imago ;
 † Me puer Ascanius, capitisque injuria cari,
 Quem regno Hesperiaæ fraudo, & fatalibus arvis.
 ‡ Nunc etiam interpres divum Jove missus ab ipso,
 Testor utrumque caput, &c.

I'd take my oath, whatever come on't,
 As plain as I see you this moment—
 Don't^h then these whining tricks encourage,
 But save your breath to cool your porridge;
 For preach from June to January,
 When all is done,—we must not tarry—
 Ads-flesh! we dare not for our lives,—
 One needs must when the devil drives.”

Dido,ⁱ whilst thus he told his tale,
 Look'd fit to eat him at a meal;
 Rolling her goggle eyes about,
 She measured him from head to foot;
 And, soon as words found vent, she said
 What you are now a going to read—
 “Thou heart of flint! thou front of brass!
 Thou worthless, witless, senseless ass!
 Do you imagine we're such noddies,
 To think your mother was a goddess?
 If there is truth in't, by St. Paul,
 Then I'll be hang'd my horse and all:

^h Define meque tuis incendere teque querelis;
 Italiam non sponte sequor.

ⁱ Talia dicentem jamdudum averſa tuetur,
 Huc illuc volvens oculos, totumque pererrat
 Luminibus tacitis, & ſic accenſa profatur;
 Nec tibi diva parens,——

Perſide; ſed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
 Caucasus, Hyrcanaque admôrunt ubera tigres.

Marry come up—a goddeſs truly !
 A likely tale !—no you, ye fool ye,
 Some louſy ſwineherd's bunting b——
 Spawn'd in the bottom of a ditch,
 Amongſt your fellow pigs—for know—
 He who hates woman fuck'd a ſow—
 Why^k ſhould I longer mince the matter ?
 Pocket th' affront and wait a greater ?
 At my diſtreſſes does the bear
 Seem mov'd ?—or ſhed a ſingle tear ?
 But^l zounty ! what avails complaint ?
 There's not a ſinner, nor a ſaint,
 Nor jew, nor chriſtian, god nor goddeſs,
 Of the whole tote of 'em, but ſtudies
 Their own convenience, and make friends
 Only to ſerve their private ends.
 Friendſhip is but a ſtalking horſe,
 To which the wily have recourſe
 To introduce their villainy,
 And wound with greater certainty.

* Nam quid diſſimulo ? aut quæ me ad majora reſervo ?

Num ſletu ingemuit noſtro ? num lumina flexit ?

Num lacrymas victus dedit, aut miſeratus amantem eſt ?

^l Quæ quibus anteferam ? jam jam nec maxima Juno,

Nec Saturnius hæc oculis pater aſpicit æquis.

Nuſquam tuta fides.

A m pack of raggamuffins came in,
 Eat up with th' itch, and pinch'd with famine,
 At first, like spaniels, meek and humble,
 They'd fetch and carry, dance and tumble,
 And, give 'em but a bone to pick,
 They'd venture for it to Old Nick:
 But now that I have stuff'd their hampers,
 And got 'em cur'd of all distempers,
 They're grown so proud, master and gang,
 They don't know where their ——— hang
 To hear the varlet lye and quibble
 Would make a parson tear his bible;
 First there's the conjurer Apollo
 Chalks out a plan for him to follow;
 And next the Oracles give out
 Things that they never dreamt about;
 Then we've a messenger sent down
 From Jove to bid him to be gone—
 I wonder now if that be true—
 Oh!—'tis enough to make one sp^ew—

* ——— Ejectum litore, egentem
 Excepi, & regni demens in parte locavi:
 Amissam classem, socios a morte reduxi.
 * Heu! furiis incensa feror. Nunc augur Apollo,
 Nunc Lyciæ sortes, nunc & Jove missus ab ipso
 Interpres divum fert horrida jussa per auras.

As e if the gods had naught to do
 But plague their brains with such as you;
 No, no,—old friend, whatever happens
 To you or yours, they care not two-pence—
 And for Anchises—I protest,
 That's just as true as—all the rest.
 But P march—I don't pretend to stop ye,
 Or argue with so mean a puppy;
 Now if you will be packing, e'en go
 To hell or Italy—but, by gingo!
 It shall be, mark my words, my lad,
 The worst day's work you ever made:
 Besworn, & if I have any luck,
 You'll get a comfortable duck;
 Tumbled and toss'd, with all your folks,
 Like drowning puppies, 'gainst the rocks:
 There dash'd, and mash'd, and crush'd and bruise'
 You'll call on her whom you abus'd—
 Aye! ' Aye!—I'll fellow at your tail,
 And add new fury to the gale:

• Scilicet is superis labor est: ea cura quietos
 Sollicitat! P. Neque te teneo, neque dicta refello.
 I, sequere Italiam ventis; pete regna per undas.
 *Spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt,
 Supplicia hausurum scopulis, & nomine Dido
 Sæpe vocaturum. ' Sequar atris ignibus absens:
 — dabis, improbe, pœnas.

I'll wring your nose, and kick your breech,
And tear your eyes out, barb'rous wretch!
Then tumble you, stiff as a poker,
Plump into David Jones's locker."

Thus ^f having said, away she flung,
And left the hero of our song
Studying a very fine harangue,
In favour of himself and gang—
Across ^t the yard she ran, poor soul!
Stagg'ring and faint; the cookmaid Doll,
Thinking she'd had a cup too much,
Took her, and laid her on the couch.

Æneas, ^v tho' he wish'd to sooth her
By some contrivance or another,
And reconcile her to the blow,
As far as civil words would go,
Resolv'd, ^x if she were pleas'd or vex'd,
Fall back, fall edge, to stick to's text,

^f His medium dictis sermonem abruptit, & auras
Ægra fugit: seque ex oculis avertit & aufert,
Linquens multa metu cunctantem, & multa parantem
Dicere. ^t Suscipiunt famulæ, collapsaque membra
Marmoreo referunt thalamo, stratisque reponunt.
^v At pius Æneas, quanquam lenire dolentem
Solando cupit, & dictis avertere curas.
^x Jussa tamen divum exsequitur classemque revisit
Tum vero Teuceri incumbunt, & litore celsas
Deducunt toto naves; natat uncta carina:

To which end he finds out his crew,
 Gives 'em a hearty damn or two,
 Which adds to each new life and vigour,
 And makes him fall on like a tyger.
 The ships are launch'd, and next they fell
 Large trees, and drag 'em boughs an' all;
 And almost half the neighbouring wood,
 Unhewn, is roll'd into the flood:
 Others ^y take care the ships to stuff
 With belly-timber—quantum suff.
 One steals a goose, and one a hog,
 A third a jug of rum for grog;
 And neither woman, child, nor man did
 Come from the city empty handed.

As ^z when a troop of busy ants,
 Provident of their winter wants,
 Plunder a stack of pease and beans,
 And haul them to their magazines—

*Frontentesque ferunt remos, & robora sylvis
 Infabricata.*

1 Migrantes cernas, totaque ex urbe ruentes:

2 Ac veluti ingentem formicæ farris acervum

Cum populant, hyemis memores, tectoque reponunt:

It nigrum campis agmen, prædamque per herbas

Convectant calle angusto, pars grandia trudunt

Obnixæ frumenta humeris; pars agmina cogunt,

Castigantque moras: opere omnis semita fervet.

—I cry ye mercy, sirs;—Errat.
 For pease and beans—read—stack of wheat:
 Just so the swarthy myriads pass,
 And drag their booty thro' the grafs:
 Part clap their shoulders to the load,
 And shove 'em thro' the narrow road;
 Part keep the others in their geers,
 And flog up those that hang an a——.
 The farmer's profit goes like fury,
 And all is dust, and toil and hurry.

Queen ^a Dido was in such a taking
 To see these preparations making:
 Poor soul! to hear her grunt, and groan,
 Would melt the entrails of a stone.
 How did she sigh, and sob, and thump,
 Sometimes her breast, sometimes her rump!
 When, from the windows of her garret,
 She took a peep of what they were at.
 O ^b love! what foolish sons of wh—s
 Thou makest of half this globe of ours.
 Just as a bearward does his bears,
 He leads his vot'ries by the ears,

^a Quis tibi tunc, Dido, cernanti talia sensus?

Quosve dabas gemitus, cum litora fervere late
 Prospiceres arce ex summa.——

^b Improbe amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis?

Makes 'em play fifty monkey tricks,
 Dance, fawn, or fight, or what he likes.
 So c Dido, who could hold her head
 As high as any damsel need,
 Is forc'd to sing another tune,
 And coax, and sooth, and court the loon:
 And sends her poor old sister trudging
 Only to beg a few nights lodging.
 Altho' d rejected, slighted, scorn'd,
 That she might leave no stone unturn'd:
 She sends for Anna — " Anne thou see'st
 This obstinate, ungrateful beast
 Has gather'd all his fry together,
 Prepar'd to march the l—d knows whither.
 In vain I rave, or sooth, or scold,
 He'll leave us soon the dog to hold.
 See yonder how th' expanded sails
 Seem, as it were, to court the gales;
 The crew are making mows at us,
 And jump about as pleas'd as puss.

*Ire iterum in lacrymas, iterum tentare precando
 Cogitur, & supplex animos submittere amori,
 Ne quid inexpertum, frustra moritura, relinquat.
 Anna, vides toto properari litore circum:
 Undique convenere: vocat jam carbasus auras,
 Puppibus & lati nautæ inposuere coronas.

Yet * I should make myself more easy
 Could I but once more—do, g—d bleſs ye !
 Go to the cruel ſavage quick,
 For you and he were always thick;
 He could not go into the garden
 Or do one thing but what you heard on ;
 You knew his inmoſt ſecrets—rot him !
 And every ſoft place about him ;
 Go, † ſiſter, to his worſhip, pray
 Make my beſt compliments, and ſay,
 I did not bind myſelf at Aulis,
 With the confederate Greeks, to maul his
 Poor countrymen—or, to deſtroy
 Their crock'ry, ſent one ſhip to Troy ;
 If they were robb'd, and plunder'd, I
 Had ne'er a finger in the pye ;
 And, for aught I car'd, all his kin
 Had now been ſleeping in their ſkin.

* Et perferre, ſoror, potero : miſeræ hoc tamen unum
 Exſequere, Anna, mihi ; ſolam nam perfidus ille
 Te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere ſenſus ;
 Sola viri molles aditus, & tempora noras.
 † I, ſoror, atque hoſtem ſupplex affare ſuperbum :
 Non ego cum Danais Trojanam exſcindere gentem
 Aulide juravi, claſſemye ad Pergama miſi ;
 Nec patris Anchisæ cineres manſive revelli.

Ask s him then, why the half-rock'd looby
 Behaves so insolent, and scrubby ?
 Why quarrel with his bread and butter ?
 Nor hear a word I have to utter ?
 Tell him, my dear, I'm very sorry
 That he's in this confounded hurry,
 To go at such a season——whereas,
 Had he but half the sense a bear has,
 He would not be so rash as venture
 His carcase on the sea in winter ;
 But wait till Boreas trusses up,
 In pity to himself, and troop,
 Since h he our union disavows,
 I do not claim him for my spouse ;
 Let him in Italy give law,
 Swagger, and rule like a bashaw ;
 But, on the score of old acquaintance,
 We ought to have, before he went hence,
 A jolly day or two—ads-c—se !
 He may go farther and fare worse :

a Cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in aures ?——
 Exspectet facilemque fugam, ventosque ferentes.

b Non jam conjugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro ;
 Nec pulchro ut Latio careat regnumque relinquat.
 Tempus inane peto, requiem spatiumque furori ;
 Dum mea me victam doceat fortuna dolere.
 Extremam hanc oro veniam : miserere sororis :
 Quam mihi cum dederit cumulatam morte remittam.

Some little interval alone,
 Till my proud stomach shall come down.
 Tell him it is the only favour,
 The latest boon that Dido ever
 Will ask, or he can ever give—
 For (when I can no longer live)
 I'll ease him of his cares, and plagues,
 And die, as sure as eggs are eggs :
 And will reward him, for his stay,
 With a plunib-cake, and holiday.*
 Anna † tuck'd up her petticoats
 Calls for her clogs, and off she trots ;
 With all her art, and rhetorick too,
 Explains the case—it would not do—
 She blusters, sooths, and storms again,
 But bluster'd, sooth'd, and storm'd in vain.
 The Trojan suffer'd all her prattle,
 But seem'd as deaf to't as a beetle ;
 She might as well have stop'd her mouth,
 And kept her breath to cool her broth.
 Whate'er she said had no more force
 Than singing psalms to a dead horse :

* Talibus orabat ; talesque miserrima fletus
 Fertque refertque foror : sed nullis ille movetur
 Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabilis audit.

Poor Anna trudges to and fro,
 But still Æneas swore he'd go:
 Again she came — He would not flinch —
 "If it were only" — "Not an inch" —
 As ^k when rough Boreas' crew, *slap-dash*,
 Assault some aged stubborn ash —
 Virgil indeed has said an oak,
 But oak, or ash, 'tis all a joke;
 I'm confident, if ash had better
 Suited the Roman poet's metre,
 We should have had it so — and I'm
 By all means to consult my rhyme.
 Let's see — where were we? — oh! — *slap-dash*,
 Attack some aged stubborn ash,
 This way and that way they direct
 Their fury, but to no effect:
 Perhaps some straggling leaves may fall
 Upon the ground — but that is all:
 High as in air its branches shoot,
 So deep in earth it strikes it's root.

* *Ac veluti annofo validam cum robore quercum
 Alpini Boreæ nunc hinc, nunc flatibus illinc,
 Eruere inter fe certant, —
 Consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes,
 Ipsa hæret scopulis, & quantum vertice ad auras
 Etherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.*

The ¹ queen was fit at Anne's report
 Thave run her thro' the gizzard for't;
 Then out she rapt a red hot oath
 She would not live, because, forsooth!
 Old Towser had been heard to howl,
 And, on the chimney top, an owl
 Had ta'en his stand some nights ago,
 And scar'd her with his hoo—hoo—hoo,
 Besides ⁿ the lady had, it seems,
 Had some exceeding frightful dreams:
 Æneas in a rage appears
 To claw, and pinch her by the ears;
 Now, kicks her stern, and now the droll
 Plucks all the carrots off her poll:
 And often all alone she strays
 Thro' dreary unfrequented ways,
 Where if she met a soul, 'twould do
 A blind man good to see him too,

¹ Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido

Mortem orat: tædet cæli convexa tueri.

■ Solaque culminibus ferâli carmine bubo

Sæpe queri, & longas in fletum ducere voces.

■ ——— Agit ipse furem

In somnis ferus Æneas; semperque relinqui

Sola sibi, semper longam incomitata videtur

ire viam. ———

Just • so some careless idle chap,
 Knight of the Order of the Strap,
 At mother Twankam's at the plough
 Will get as drunk as David's sow;
 Instead of one, poor Crispin fees
 A troop of scolding landladies;
 The pewter pots upon the shelf,
 The porringers, and plates of Delft,
 Turn round—and with unwonted rays
 Two farthing candles seem to blaze.
 In vain the other pot he craves,
 She like a Beldam rants, and raves;
 With vehemence she clinks his chaps,
 Ups with poker, runs, and claps
 Her b—m against the cellar door,
 And swears that he shall get no more.
 Resolv'd p on death, she has but now
 To fix the time, and manner how;

• Eumenidum veluti demens vidit agmina Pentheus,
 Et solem geminum, & duplices se ostendere Thebas;
 Aut Agamemnonius scenis agitated Orestes,
 Armata facibus matrem & serpentibus atris
 Cum fugit, ultricesque sedent in limine Diræ.
 Ergo ubi concepit Furias evicta dolore,
 Dercevitque mori, tempus secum ipsa modumque
 Exigit, ———
 Consilium vultu tegit, ac spem fronte serenat:—
 Ixeni, germana, viam, gratare sorori,

But that miss Anne might not divine
 A tittle of her dark design,
 Her grief in mimick mirth she hides,
 And, laughing as she'd burst her sides,
 She clasp'd her round the neck, and kiss'd her,
 And " Give me joy," she cries, " dear sister,
 I've found a way to ease my pain,
 Or bring my fugitive again ;
 A charm that soon will make him love
 Like a cock-sparrow, or a dove ;
 Or me, within a little time,
 Just as indifferent as him.
 For after breakfast t'other day
 I went, as is my usual way—
 Ou vous sçavez—when I beheld
 Some people in our turnip field,
 Thinking they were about no good,
 I trudg'd as nimbly as I could,
 To give 'em a good siferaro,
 And found 'em gyplies come from Cairo:
 But one amongst the troop, I fancy,
 Ne'er had her peer in chiromancy ;

Quæ mihi reddat eum, vel eo me solvat amantem.—
 Hinc mihi Massylæ gentis monstrata sacerdos ;—

She'll tell you in an instant all
 That either has, or will befall;
 Whether your sweetheart's black or fair,
 Goes in a wig or his own hair;
 If you're to die a maid, or marry,
 How oft lie in, how oft miscarry;
 All which she clearly understands
 By only looking at you hands."—
 Ha! ha! thought Anne—all this is fine,
 But she shall see no paw of mine.
 " But what is to my purpose more
 Than any thing I've said before,
 She can, by certain charms, remove
 The pangs of unrequited love,
 And melt the coldest, and most cruel
 Like butter in your water-gruel:
 Talk I not to me of the unfitness
 Of magick arts, I call to witness
 The gods, and you, I hate such work
 As much any Jew does pork;
 But conscience might as well lye still
 As plead against a woman's will;

† Testor, cara, deos, & te, germana, tuumque
 Dulce caput, magicas invitam accingier artes.

All opposition they surmount,
 And—devil take me if I don't;
 Only r do you take care and get
 Cow-dyes and chips, and turf, and peat;
 And send old Quibus to the heath
 For furzes, to put underneath;
 Pile 'em in order, and on this
 Lay ev'ry thing that's left of his;
 A snicker-freee, with half a heft,
 Which by that rogue in grain was left
 Under the feather-bed—no doubt,
 With a design to cut my throat;
 Next all the cloths that were the wretch's,
VIZ. one old pair of leather breeches,
 A pair of stockings full of holes,
 And three odd shoes without the soles,
 A woollen cap, that was his daddy's,
 Ty'd at the top with scarlet caddis,
 A pair of drawers—worfe for wear,
 A snuff box, and Scotch muckinger.

r Tu secreta pyram tectis interiore sub auras
 Erige; & arma viri, thalamo quæ fixa reliquit
 Impius, exuviasque omnes, lectumque jugalem,
 Quo perii, superimponas. Abolere nefandi
 Cuncta viri monumenta jubet, monstratque sacerdos.

Nay, tho' it grieves me, I determine
 My bed shall burn, to kill the vermin;
 I know the rascal used to swarm,
 And these may hurt the gypsy's charm,
 For even if a flea escapes,
 It may destroy its force perhaps."

Anne^f was, g—d help her, one of those
 That look no farther than their nose,
 Tell her the moon was made of cheese,
 A turnip scoop'd, or what you please,
 She'd swallow it—she therefore did
 Nor more nor less than she was bid.

The ^t queen, so soon as they'd prepar'd
 The turf, and furzes in the yard,
 Steps forth, and round the pile she strews
 Bunches of flow'rs, and willow boughs;
 The first to drown bad smells, we reckon,
 The last denote she'd been forsaken.

*† Non tamen Anna novis prætendere funera sacris
 Germanam credit: nec tantos mente furores*

Concipit: —

Ergo iussa parat:

† At regina, pyra, penetrati in sede, sub auras

Erecta ingenti, tædis atque ilice secta,

Intenditque locum fertis, & fronde coronat

Funerea: super exuvias, ensæque relictum,

Effigiemque, toro locat, haud ignara futuri.

This done, she next brought forth, and laid,
 With all his trumpr'y on the bed,
 A mawkin, with the woollen cap on;
 Conscious herself of what should happen.
 The ^v gypsy, with a voice like Stentor,
 Screaming as if she would have rent her
 Old lungs, amongst the gods invokes
 Both John o' Stiles, and John o' Nokes:
 God Chaos was invited too,
 God Erebus, and God—knows who;
 And Hecaté, with treble face,
 Receiv'd a summons to the place.
 Many a nymph I've known with two,
 But, Chloe, she'd one more than you—
 How should we stare, to see our misses
 With a pair-royal of fair phizzes!
 What a confusion would there be;
 When one could make the noise of three!
 How would your spouses scold, and wrangle,
 With each, three mouths in a triangle!
 Only consider this, good sirs,
 And thank your stars it is no worse:

v ——— Crines effusa sacerdos

Tercentum tonat ore deos, Erebumque, Chaosque,
 Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ.

The best of wives, and best of men.
 I'm told, may quarrel now and then,
 And literally in all these jars,
 You'd have it on both sides your ears.
 Next * round the pile she sprinkles water,
 What sort or whence it came—no matter;
 Then fetches sundry weeds and grass
 Cut at full moon with scythes of brass:
 Spells, philtres, and the powers above
 Know what beside, for causing love,—
 All which, if you'll be rul'd by me,
 Rather believe than go and see.

Meantime * her majesty, g—d bless her,
 Lest her great guts should eat the lesser,
 And lest no stages should be found
 To break her fast, where she was bound;
 With a barm-dumplin in her hand,
 Beside the faggots took her stand:

* Sparferat & latices simulatos fontis Averni:
 Falcibus & messæ ad lunam queruntur ahenis
 Pubentes herbæ.—

* Ipsa mola, manibusque piis, altaria juxta,
 Unum exuta pedem vinclis, in veste recinctâ,
 Testatur moritura deos, & conscia fati:
 Sidera: tum, si quod non æquo fœdere amantes
 Curæ numen habet, justumque memorque precatur,

Here, like the good old dame's son John,
 With one shoe off and t'other on,
 She almost half an hour harangu'd,
 As people do before they're hang'd,
 And, as they use in like affairs,
 Laid all the blame upon her stars:
 Then, on her matrow-bones, implores
 Vengeance from these celestial powers
 To whom, if such there be, belong'd
 To right poor lovers that were wrong'd.

'Twas ² dead of night: the busy crowd
 Had stolen to the land of Nod;
 The oyster girl had ceas'd to roar,
 The alehouse folks had lock'd their door.
 Up to his flocks the poet crept,
 Safe on his bulk the link-boy slept;
 And she, who in some private place,
 Follow'd the trade of C——— H———
 Expecting now no more gallants,
 Had taken t'other sup of Nantz,
 And, by a pair of vests led,
 Had stagger'd up the stairs to bed.

*Nox erat; & placidum carpebant fessa soporem
 Corpora per terras, silvæque & sæva quierunt
 Equora, &c.

Misers forgot their cent. per cent.
 And prodigals the sums they'd spent;
 And cuckolds laid their horned blocks
 Just as compos'd as other folks;
 Industry sunk fatigu'd to rest,
 And last the tongue of scandal ceas'd.
 But ^a as for Dido, you may think,
 She did not sleep a single wink;
 Consid'ring how the matter stood,
 I wonder who the devil cou'd;
 With such a purpose in my nob,
 I could not do't for half the globe.
 Distracted ^b between love and rage,
 She storm'd like players on the stage;
 And, with becoming energy,
 Spouted this fine soliloquy:
 " Well, Dy. thou'st brought thy hogs at last,
 To ^c a fine market! that thou hast!
 But be so good as tell us tho'
 What part o' th' play's a coming now:

- ^a At non infelix animi Phœnissa; neque unquam,
 Solvitur in somnos, oculisve aut pectore noctem
 Accipit: —
- ^b Sævit amor, magnoque irarum fluctuat æstu.
 Sic adèd insistit, secum ita corde volutat,
- ^c En quid ago? rursusne procos irrita priores
 Experiar? Nemadumque petam connubia supplex
 Quos ego sum toties jam dedignata maritos?

What must I do! shall I go coax
 The footy colour'd gentlefolks,
 At whom I proudly us'd so often
 To turn my nose up? or go soften,
 And get the old Numidian king
 To take the poor forsaken thing?
 Would they not tho' my offers slight?
 Would they not? aye, and serve me right;
 No, no, I hear 'em cry methinks,
 Off with ye, proffer'd kindness stinks:
 Or^d shall I bundle up, and tramp
 After my soldier and the camp?
 I certainly might be of use
 To—mend his rags, or clean his shoes:
 Yes, do, pray do—as he has paid ye
 So well for what you've done already:
 Or^e rather, now I think on't, let us
 Go raise the Posse-Comitatus;
 And, with all Carthage at my tail,
 O'ertake and clap him up in goal:

• Iliacas igitur classes atque ultima Teucrôm
 Jussa sequar? quiahe auxilio juvat ante levatos,
 Et bene apud memores veteris stat gratia facti?
 • An Tyriis, omnique manu stipata meorum
 Insequar? & quos Sidonia vix urbe revelli,
 Rursus agam pelago?—

I really think this scheme might do;
 If I could give 'em courage too:
 Would they obey?—the de'el a bit;
 Tyrians had rather eat than fight:
 You, ^f sister, was a Nincumpoop
 To mind the tears that I let drop:
 Oh that you had but let me bellow
 T' eternity for a bed-fellow!
 But you must needs put in your oar,
 And make it worfe than 'twas before.
 Why could I not have liv'd till now
 True to my former marriage-vow!
 Alas, my poor dear man! I have
 Made him a cuckold in his grave.
 O scandalous! there is, methinks,
 A savage beast they call a lynx,
 Which, when its paramour is slain,
 Will never after mate again;
 But flies all amorous pursuits;
 Good Sirs! are women worfe than brutes!

*'Tu lachrymis evicta meis, tu prima furentem,
 His, germana, malis oneras, atque objicis hosti.
 Non licuit thalami expertem sine crimine vitam
 Degere, more feræ, tales nec tangere curas!
 Non servata fides, cineri promissa Sichæo.*

The turtle, if she lose her crony,
 Will hear no more of matrimony;
 There is not a cock-turtle dares
 Make offers to her for his ears,
 With fallen crest, and drooping wings,
 She frets her guts to fiddle-strings,
 And mopes and murmurs thro' the wood
 In everlasting widowhood."
 Now Dido never said a word
 About the turtle, be assur'd,
 But I have introduc'd it tho'
 Because I thought it a propòs;
 And suits an English reader better,
 Who mayn't have heard of t'other creature;
 Indeed the lynx is palm'd on us
 By the great critick Servius,
 Who says 'tis what those females did,
 As master Pliny writes—quem vid.
 Whilst & thus she grumbl'd, rav'd, and roar'd,
 Æneas in his hammock snor'd;

* Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectore questus.
 Æneas celsi in puppi jam certus eundi.
 Carpebat somnos, rebus jam rite paratis.
 Huic se forma dei vultu redeuntis eodem
 Obtulit in somnis, rursusque ita visa monere est,
 Omnia Mercurio similis, vocemque coloremque,
 Et crines flavos,———.]

Stretch'd like a lubbard at his ease,
 And undisturb'd—unless by fleas :
 Nor thought of Dido, I dare say,
 No more than of his dying day.
 But whilst he lay in this condition,
 Before him stood an apparition,
 Whose carrot pate, and fallow look,
 The messenger of Jove bespoke—
 “ Ar'n't h you,” quoth he, “ a lazy beast,
 Here to lie stewing in your nest,
 And take no thought of what is doing,
 When there is such a storm a brewing?
 My body for't, you'll see, perhaps
 Before an hour or two elapse,
 Or ere the morning dawn appears
 Your ships o' fire about your ears
 Depend i upon if ever more
 You're catch'd upon the Tyrian shore,

² Nate deâ, potes hoc sub casu ducere fomnos?
 Nec, quæ circumstent te deinde pericula, cernis?
 Demens!

³ Illa dolos dirumque nefas in pectore versat,
 Jam mare turbare trabibus, sævasque videbis
 Collucere faces; jam fervere litora flammis;
 Si te his attigerit terris Aurora morantem.
 Eia age, rumpe moras: varium et mutabile semper
 Femina.——

Before your worship get's away,
 She'll fit ye for the Opera.
 For—let me whisper in your ear—
 A woman is a strange affair :
 Oons ! man alive, the faithless sea
 Is not so changeable as she ;
 They're hot and cold, are fond and shy,
 Are pleas'd and vex'd, will laugh and cry,
 All in a breath, or all together,
 Without a single cause for either :
 Up—stir your stumps—begone—I swear
 A woman is a strange affair.”

Æneas, k scar'd at what he hears,
 Jumps from his bed, and shook his ears ;
 Swore a short pray'r or two, and then
 Began to summon up his men ;
 Roaring aloud upon the poop
 “ All hands a-höy—come, tumble up—
 Down fore-fail—run the gib up there—
 Hoist the main-top-fail—how you stare !
 D——n your eyes ! bear a hand I say,
 And get this instant under way ;

* Tum verò Æneas, subitis exterritus umbris,
 Corripit e somno corpus, sociosque fatigat :
 Præcípites vigilate viri, & confidite transiris :
 Sölvite vela citi: deus æthere missus ab alto,
 Festinare fugam,——.

Of Dido 'll make, if here we linger;
 Each of us an Italian finger.
 I'm fit to die of fright almost,
 I vow and swear I've seen a ghost
 Who came post-haste from Jupiter
 To¹ bid us beat our march from here:
 Good Mr. Ghost, we will obey,
 We will, but for the future pray
 O come not with such ghastly looks;
 To 'fright poor honest christian folks :
 I fancy such another fright
 Might overfet my worship quite,
 And prithee where's the diff'rence, tell us,
 To die of fear, or at the gallows ?

He m said, and his Coutteau de chasse,
 Like a cook's knife, with hilt of brass,
 A stranger to the light, and just,
 For want of use, eat up with rust,
 With many a gurn, and much ado,
 After three vain strong tugs he drew.

1 ——— Sequimur te, sancte deorum,
 Quisquis es, imperioque iterum paremus ovantes.

" ——— Dixit, vaginâque eripit ensen
 Fulmineum strickoque ferit retinacula ferro.
 Idem omnes simul ardor habet; rapiuntque, ruuntque:
 Eitora deseruere. ———

With all the vengeance he was able
 He struck, and cut in two the cable;
 The vessel leaves the shore, and quick
 The other captains did the like.
 This is to be, I apprehend,
 Understood only to extend
 To those who wore a sword,—the rest
 Got off the way they judg'd the best.
 Lest future times mistake a fact
 Historians can't be too exact.

So ⁿ soon as day began to dawn:
 For tho' 'squire Virgil here has drawn
 A long preambling sort of story
 About Tithonus and Aurora,
 In truckle-bed of crimson china,
 'Tis but meer stuff to entertain ye:
 As if a body could not say,
 Without so much parade—'twas day;
 For, render'd in plain English, 'tis
 Not a jot more or less than this.

▪ Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras
 Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile
 Regina e speculis, ut primum albescere lucem
 Vidit, & æquatis classem procedere velis
 Litoraue, & vacuos fenfit sine remige portus.
 Terque quaterque manu pectus percussa decorum.

Well—soon as day began to dawn,
 The queen began to stretch and yawn;
 Jumps to the window in her f—k,
 And to'ards the shore she cast a look:
 But when—for de'el a soul was there—
 Poor Dido saw the coast was clear,
 She wrung her hands, then smacking each
 With vehemence upon her breech;
 She stamps and cries—"o Well, sure enough
 They're gone—fore George! the rascals off:
 Call P me the constable and bailiff,
 I'll forfeit half a dozen of ale, if;
 For all his tricks, the jackanapes
 At such an easy rate escapes:
 No, no, I'll let ye see, my dear,
 You've got the wrong sow by the ear.
 Is q this the fellow that they crack
 Bore his old father on his back,
 What time the Greeks broke in to Troy,
 And made of it a feu de joye?

• ————Proh Jupiter! ibit
 Hic, ait, & nostris illuſerit advena regnis?
 P ————ite,
 Ferte citi flammas, date vela, impellite remos.
 • ————en dextra fidesque!
 Quem secum patrios aiunt portare Penates;
 ————Quem subiisse humeris confectum ætate parentem!

Who pack'd his gods up in a bundle,
 And took the pains to stay and trundle
 Their godships off in Punch's coach,
 Lest they should find the heat too much?
 A likely story I dare say!
 And they that will believe it, may;
 Let me but once get sight of him,
 I'll tear the villain limb from limb;
 I'll cut the throats of all his troop,
 And stew their giblets into soup;
 I'll chop his son before his eyes
 Into mince-meat for Christmas pies;
 Or serve him up in a ragout,
 And make his father eat him too:
 Tell me not of the chance of war;
 Fiddlestick's end! what need I care?
 I am not quite so great a dunce
 Not to know I can die but once;
 And be it so—he first of all
 Shall take a jig at Bilbury's ball;

* Non potui abreptum divellere corpus, & undis
 Spargere? non socios, non ipsum absumere ferro
 Ascanium, patriisque epulandum apponere mensis?
 † Verum, anceps pugnae fuerat fortuna, fuisset:
 Quem metui moritura? faces in castra tulissem;
 Impleissemque foros flammis, natumque patremque
 Cum genere extinxem: —

And for his crew and upstart brat;
 I'll—I'll—I'll—do I don't know what:
 Thou t'fun, whose eyes have seen, egad!
 More than I wish they ever had;
 Thou Juno who hast egg'd me on
 To act the shameless part I've done;
 And Lady Hecate, who rules,
 Vast empire! all the Race of Fools;
 Ye pow'rs, both grave and merry ones,
 Behold me on my marrow-bones;
 Let not my pray'r unnotic'd come;
 I am not often troublesome:
 Now, ^v if the dev'l will have it so,
 That whether you shall please or no,
 He must get safe on shore—why let him;
 'Twere best—but when he's landed sweat him:
 There ^x may he be well kick'd, and bang'd,
 Half-burnt, half-boil'd, half-flea'd, half-hang'd;

* Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras,
 Tuque harum interpret es curarum, & conscia Juno,
 Nocturnisque Hecate triviis ululata per urbes,
 Et Diræ ultrices, & di morientis Elisæ,
 Accipite hæc, meritumque malis advertite numen.

v ————— Si tangere portus
 Infandum caput, ac terris adnare, necesse est,
 Et sic fata Jovis poscunt, hic terminus hæret,
 * At bello audacis populi vexatus & armis,
 Finibus extorris. —————

May he see all his worthless fellows
 Dance upon nothing at the gallows ;
 Reduc'd to beg from door to door,
 And scraps of bread in vain implore ;
 May the most vile and needy mock
 His woes, and Y when he comes to croak,
 Depriv'd of christian burial, let him
 Be thrown out for the crows to eat him,
 And when his bones are clean pick'd for him
 Let 'em he hung up In Terrorem.
 Great powers, if you reject my prayer,
 I'll never pray again I swear.
 And, * Messieurs Tyrians, here I beg it—
 Pursue their race with fire and faggot :
 Belabour 'em—to hear you have
 Would give me pleasure in the grave :
 Give 'em no quarter—never fear—
 Well done my souls—fight dog fight bear.

*Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum
 Funera;——*

*Y——cadat ante diem, mediaque inhumatus arena,
 Hæc precor ; hanc vocem extremam cum sanguine fundo.
 * Tum vos, o ! Tyrii, stirpem & genus omne futurum
 Exercete odiis ; cinerique hæc mittite nostro
 Munera : nullus amor populis, nec fœdera sunt.
 Litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas,
 Imprecor, arma armis : pugnent ipsique nepotes.*

May enmity betwixt the nations
 Subsist to endless generations;
 And our great great grand children fight,
 So soon as they can scratch or bite."

Thus ^a spouted she her comminations;
 And now she burns with wild impatience,
 Without reflecting on the sin,
 Or how a jury'd bring it in,
 To stick herself—My dear Eliza!
 Much good may't do your stomach, I say:
 How could your brain frame such design?
 'Twas the last scheme had enter'd mine:
 Trust me, as I'm an honest man,
 I'll live as long as e'er I can;
 Their lives for fame let others give,
 For my share, I had rather live
 One twelve-month among christian folks,
 Than fifty score in story books.
 Thus ^b she addresses her discourse
 To Barcé, old Sichæus's nurse,
 Her's, you must know, was left beyond
 The sea, and six feet under ground:

^a Hæc ait;—

Invisam quærens. quam primum abrumpere lucem.

^b Tum breviter Barcen nutricem affata Sichæi,
 Namque suam patria antiqua cinis ater habebat;
 Annam, cara, mihi, nutrix, huc siste sororem:

Though, by the bye, if fame says true,
 And justice had but had her due,
 You might more probably have found her
 Above the ground, instead of under.
 “ Hip, Goody, there—if you can hobble
 So far, I prithee, take the trouble
 To go to sifter Anne, and say,
 I wish she'd hand her limbs this way.
 But, c harkee, don't forget to beg her
 Not to come nigh me such a figure;
 Tell her to don her roast-meat cloaths,
 And wash her face, and blow her nose;
 And then to bring the pork and sowings;
 We're going to-day to have grand doings.
 Do you observe too what I bid ye,
 Smug yourself up a little tidy;
 And you may at our raree-shew
 Pick up a Dick—for aught I know.

Soon ^d as th' old wench's back was turn'd,
 She like a mad thing star'd, and gurn'd,

• Dic corpus properet fluviali spargere lympha,
 Et pecudes secum & monstrata piacula ducat.

—tuque ipsa pia tege tempora vitta.

Sacra Jovi Stygio, quæ rite incepta paravi,

Perficere est animus. —

• At trepida, & coëptis immanibus effera Dido,
 Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque trementes
 Interfusa genas. —

Her bosom throbs, her face looks vastly
 Distorted, comical, and ghastly;
 And ev'ry pimple on her nose
 Of a more deep vermillion glows—
 She e mounts the pile that Anne had made her,
 As malefactors do the ladder,
 Snatch'd up his knife—unus'd till now
 To aught but bread and cheese—or so;
 But f when upon his rags she looks,
 And saw the well-known bed of flocks,
 She paus'd a-while, then shook her head,
 And plump'd herself upon the bed:
 Antæus, when stretch'd at his length
 Upon the earth, acquir'd new strength;
 As oft as his antagonist
 Tript up his heels, or with his fist
 Laid him out sprawling on his back,
 He sprung more vig'rous to th' attack;
 I don't know how it was, but so
 The queen's disorder seem'd to do,

• ————— *altos* —————
 Conscendit furibunda rogos, ensèque recludit
 Dardanium; non hos quæsitum munus in usus.
 Hic, postquam Iliacas vestes notumque cubile
 Conspectit, paulum lachrymis & mente morata,
 Incubuitque toro, dixitque novissima verba:

And whilst upon the bed she roll'd
 Her passion rag'd triple-fold.
 Observe, I can't pretend t'assign
 The cause, 'tis no affair of mine;
 But I'll present my old furtout
 To any prude that finds it out,
 Should I go bare for't all the winter:
 Apply, good ladies, to the printer.
 Well—up she snatch'd a pair of breeches,
 And burst out in the following speeches.
 " Alas-a-day ! g dear f—t—g-crackers,
 That you should be such mischief-makers !
 I've liv'd—a pretty life, by Jove !
 Just as the dev'l or fancy drove :
 And now am going in t'other country
 To visit the Tartarean gentry :
 I fancy Mr. Beelzebub
 Will treat me like an ill-bred scrub ;
 And I shall fadge beneath his paws
 Like cat in hell without her claws.
 Zookers ! such numbers of high birth,
 And of the most polite on earth,

Dulces exuviae, dum fata deusque sinebant,
 Accipite hanc animam. ———
 Vixi, & quem dederat cursum fortuna peregi ;
 Et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.

Visit him daily, 'tis exceeding
 Strange that he don't improve his breeding.
 Yet, ^h tho' I say't who should not say't,
 Some merit's mine, in spite of fate,
 I've built a pretty little village,
 Encourag'd marrying, and tillage,
 To strangers I was always civil;
 Would some of them were at the devil!
 I have, as far as woman can,
 Reveng'd the death of my good-man;
 And by the treasures that I took
 Ruin'd Pygmalion stock and block;
 Burst i my old shoes! if by good luck
 The Trojans had but got a duck,
 When first the half-starv'd mongrels steer'd
 For Africa, I had not car'd;
 I would not give, had they been sunk all,
 That—for King George to be my uncle.
 No woman's reputation stood
 Higher in all the neighbourhood,
 And not a creature, whether high
 Or low, could tell me—black's your eye:

a Urbem præclaram statui, mea mœnia vidi,
 Ulta virum, pœnas inimico a fratre recepi,
 i Felix, heu nimium felix! si litora tantum
 Nunquam Dardania tetigissent nostra carinæ.

And k must I, (here she hugg'd the pillow)
 Die unrevenged of that fellow?
 Reveng'd or not, no matter, still,
 By the l—d Harry, die I will.
 Look here, you Nicodemus, do,
 And see what you have brought me to;
 Whilst heedless of what comes o' me
 You're dancing up and down the sea,
 Plague dance ye for a Phrygian skipper!
 For here I'm left to pay the piper.
 And you who ought to have despis'd him,
 Take that—and that—to teach ye wisdom.”
 Absolutely she wa'n't in jest,
 But plung'd the knife into her breast;
 And out there gush'd upon the wood
 Almost a bucket-full of blood.
 When¹ they, who us'd to wait upon her
 In quality of maids of honour,

* Dixit, &, os impressa toro, moriemur inultæ?

Sed moriamur, ait: Sic, sic, juvat ire sub umbras.

Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto

Dardanus, & nostræ secum ferat omnia mortis.

1 ———— illam media inter talia ferro

Collapsam aspiciunt comites. ————

————— It clamor ad alta

Atria: concussam bacchatur fama per urbem,

Lamentis, gemituque, & femineo ululatu

Tecta fremunt: resonat magnis plangoribus æther,

Saw what was done, their ladyships
 Immediately set up their pipes ;
 By handfuls they pull off their hair,
 And leave the little people bare ;
 Then with their mutton-fists they paid
 Their chaps, and breasts, like hey-go-mad !
 And they that did not care a groat
 Whether she liv'd, or dy'd, or what,
 For company began to roar ;
 Such braying ne'er was heard before.
 Had the house-top been falling in,
 They could not make a greater din ;
 If threaten'd with a rape, I vouch
 They would not have made half as much.
 It was as good as cakes and ale
 To Fame—she hurries with the tale
 Thro' all the streets, and lanes, and alleys,
 Tells what had happen'd at the palace,
 And sends half Carthage flocking thither,
 Tag, rag and bob-tail all together ;
 Clear m the road there, firs, clear the road !
 See ! Anne comes bustling thro' the crowd ;

Non aliter, quam si inmissis ruat hostibus omnis
 Carthago. —
 Audiit exanimis, trepidoque exterrita cursu.
 Per medies ruit, ac morientem nomine clamat :

Pünches her elbows in the flanks
 Of all she meets, and kicks their thanks;
 Half-spent, and wheazing ten times worse
 Than an old broken-winded horse,
 She drew her old raw nose, say some,
 Betwixt her finger and her thumb,
 Then fell to moralising thus,
 "Areⁿ these your tricks, you artful puffs?
 Well, o' my conscience, now you ha' done 't;
 And a fine kettle of fish you've made on't.
 Zountikins? here you bleeding lay
 Like sow upon a butcher's tray:
 And have I pil'd this pack of stuff
 Only to burn your bristles off?
 If^o this had been your purpose, why
 Would you not stay for company?
 I might have gone myself perhaps;
 But, for the fear of leading apes;
 For, with all def'rence to Old Nick,
 That's an employ I should not like;
 I'd ten times rather, here on earth,
 Pluck up my courage, and stand forth

• Hoc illud, germana, fuit? me fraude petchas?

Hoc rogus iste mihi, hoc ignes, aræque parabant?

• ————— comitemne fororem

Sprevisti moriens? eadem me ad fata vocasses.

To brave the worst the men can do,
 Than tend those gentle-folks below.
 By p this mad action you've undone,
 Body and breeches, all the town.
 Have thrown into a peck of troubles
 Coblers and statesmen, clowns and nobles;
 Here, some of you, shag-bag-ing folks,
 Run up, and fetch my doctor's box;
 Under my bolster lies a pint
 Of brandy; bring it, and some lint;
 I'll wash the body w't from blood,
 And some withinside might be good;
 Indeed a tooth-ful, now I'm warm,
 Would do myself no sort of harm."
 Thus ^q by the pile stood Anna mouthing,
 Then straddles up it; neck or nothing;
 Raises her by the calabash,
 And pokes her snout into the gash,

† Exstincti me teque, soror, populumque, patresque
 Sidonios, urbemque tuam. Date, vulnera lymphis
 Abluam. ———

‡ ——— Sic fata, gradus evaserat altos.
 Semianimemque sinu germanam amplexa fovebat
 Cum gemitu, atque atros siccabat veste cruores.
 Illa graves oculos conata attollere, rursus
 Deficit. ———

Quæsiuit cœlo lucem, ingemuitque reperta.

Dido with difficulty tries
 To ope the shutters of her eyes,
 And let in day, which having found,
 She clos'd 'em up again, and groan'd.
 Juno, ^r who happen'd to be looking
 Down to our planet, thought it shocking,
 That her old crony lay beneath,
 Struggling so long 'twixt life and death;
 And bade her hand-maid Iris whip
 Down to the nether world, and snip
 Her thread of life, since Proserpine
 Refus'd to meddle with the twine,
 Because she would, as one may say,
 Go to the devil her own way :
 Now this procrastination's meant for
 Keeping folks out until they're sent for,
 The messenger of Juno had
 A negligee of highland plaid,
 Of red, of blue, and green, and yellow,
 Perhaps you never saw it's fellow.

* Tum Juno omnipotens, longum miserata dolorem,
 Difficilesque obitus, Irim demisit Olympo,
 Quæ luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus ;
 Nam, quia nec fato, merita nec morte, peribat,
 Sed misera ante diem, subitoque accensa furore,
 Nondum illi flavum Proserpina vertice crinem
 Abstulerat. —

And such a tail!—you'd give your ears,
 My girl, for such a tail as her's.
 She was besides exceeding swift,
 And in less time than you could lift
 Your hand above your head, or sing
 Three crotchets of—God save the king,
 The damsel of the various robe
 Would traverse you one half the globe;
 She was short waisted, but so much
 The longer for it in the crutch;
 For she could set one foot in Holland,
 And t'other in Seville or Poland;
 And nice observers say, that when
 She straddles thus, 'tis show'ry then,

Iris descends on saffron wing,
 Her garments shine like any thing;
 She perches upon Dido's scull,
 And stoops, in attitude to pull
 A lock of hair, as she'd been tutor'd,
 Which, holding in her paw, she mutter'd;
 "This lock I take, an offering due to
 A certain 'squire in black call'd Pluto;"

Ergo Iris croceis per coelum rosea pennis,
 Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,
 Devolat, & supra caput astitit: Hunc ego Didi
 Sacrum iussa fero, teque isto corpore solve.

Though, as she rarely used a comb,
 Perhaps there went a Hecatomb ;
 “ And thus I set at liberty
 Your restless headstrong spirit—die.”
 This said—she gave a lusty pluck at
 The lock, and Dido kick’d the bucket.

*Sic ait: & dextra crinem secat: omnis & una
 Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit.*

T H E E N D.

